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Saturday Review

JULY 25, 1970/50¢

THE BLITHE DECEIVERS

by KATHARINE KUH

GOLDEN HORSESHOE, 1886 by WILLI

(SEE FINE ARTS, PAGE 38)

JUL 17 1970
PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

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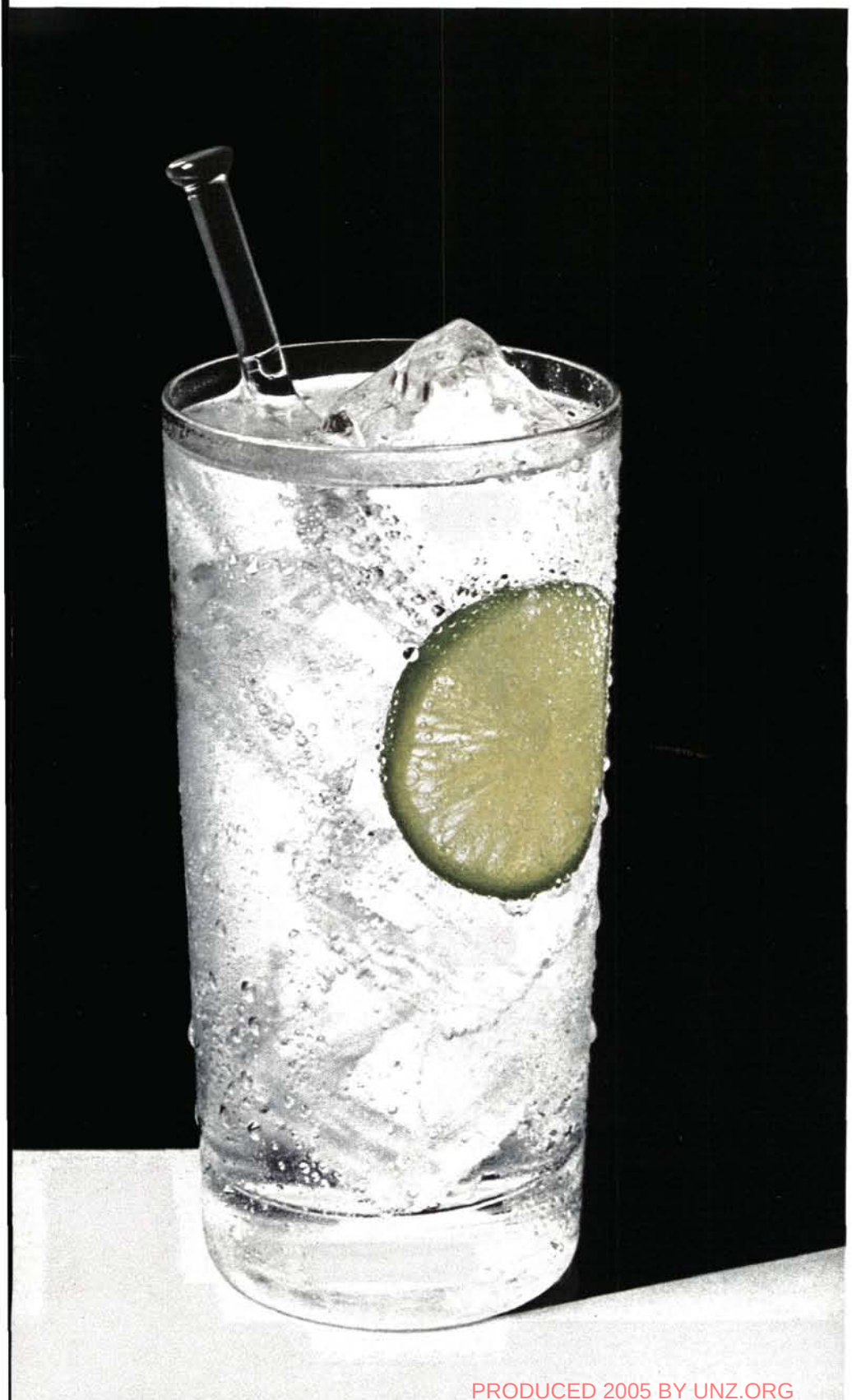

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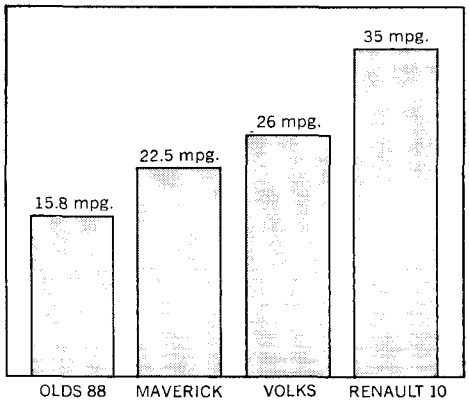

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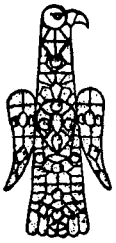

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July 25, 1970

Saturday Review

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by Katharine Kuh

Cover: courtesy collection Mr. and Mrs. James W. Alsdorf

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The Good Life

I TOOK $1,500 out of the Monolith Trust and went across the street to the Second National. Their housewares buyer, a Mr. Freebee (all names are fictitious in order to protect me), met me behind the twenty-four-piece avocado glass sets ("for summer entertaining"). I told him I had some money to deposit and asked if I might have three sets since they were going for $500 a set. He said it didn't work that way, and when I started to argue, he took me to his boss, a vice president of the bank who handles the Strom and Thurston quarter-inch drills with removable chucks and the Lady Esme shavers. The VP agreed that I had a point, but suggested that since I was depositing $1,500, I would be happier with the colorful cooler, grill, and barbecue set, although I could actually have the cooler and the grill separately for two five-hundreds and take just one avocado glass to make up the difference. No, I said, I want three avocado glasses. No, he said, it doesn't work that way, and he took me to meet a Miss Johnson, their color-coordinator. She had a nice desk behind a wall of

Combination Lamp/Alarm sets, each in a sealed factory-fresh carton. The wall was nine feet high and cut her off from the daylight, but she had cleverly rigged five of the Lamp/Alarm clocks in a row on top of the wall, and they lit up the area just fine.

Miss Johnson turned out to be no help either; so I took my money and went across the street to the Farmers' and Agents' Trust. Through the window I could see a mountain of Thermo-Vector Frypan / Cooker / Casseroles ("submersible for washing") and a lot of Whirly Choppers with finger-tip speed control. Actually, I should have gone there in the first place because they had a lot of things for only a $250 deposit. I asked them where new depositors went, and they directed me to a little room made out of Time-All Automatic Appliance Timers. I asked for six of them, figuring to make six $250 deposits under different names and get my Christmas shopping done at the same time. This started a lot of silly hand waving and finger pointing, and so I took the money, crossed the street, and deposited it back in my old bank. They gave me three nested, simulated leather bags—"Great for the Family Vacation"—a hell of an argument, and 5 per cent.

—HENRY MORGAN.

The Weakest Link

"Trust in the Lord with all your might, and always acknowledge Him and He will light your way."

So begins the latest chain letter to clog my mailbox since the one I got last Christmas when the tree caught fire. Nevertheless, to paraphrase Harry Truman, the chain stops here, and I have a drawer full to prove that where they're concerned, I'm a practicing atheist.

If you've never received one, a chain letter is the above prayer sent by someone who should no longer be considered your friend, and the purpose of which is to bring you good luck. To that end it tells you to mail twenty copies within *four* days to other "friends you think need good luck." Doing this guarantees your good luck which you "will receive in the mail on the fourth day."

If you ignore the letter, however, nowhere does it say the mail will then bring you bad luck, but it's clear that your chances of avoiding it are dim. You're told of Cal Napak, who, "while in the Philippines, lost his life because he failed to circulate the prayer," and Don Elliot, who received $6,000, but "because he broke the chain lost it *and* his life," presumably at the hands of a crazed postman or from licking a poisoned stamp.

The lesson that chain breakers like Cal and Don do not live to tell about it isn't lost on a superstitious reader. He quickly springs into action, and the effort then required of him is enormous. For instance, assuming he has one, a typewriter produces only five or six legible carbons at one shot; that means it will take four typings to turn out twenty copies. Already the task is formidable, and if he's a hunt-and-pecker like most of us, he'll barely finish it before the four days are up. If he happens to be a perfectionist as well, he might do better to just get quietly drunk somewhere and refuse to accept any mail for the next few months.

Even for the age of Xerox, twenty copies strikes me as exorbitant. Years ago my mother got one that demanded only three. This seemed reasonable to her and she promptly wrote them out by hand. With the cost of luck being what it is today, however, this personal touch is no longer possible, especially since the sender must copy the letter's sixty or so names that form the actual living, breathing "chain."

These are the people who, besides being great typists, became bona fide links the moment they have crossed off the top name and have added theirs to all twenty copies. This act of self-incrimination insures the chain's perpetuity and also allows you to identify the link who sent you a copy—he's the last name on the list.

Why someone gives in to a chain letter is a mystery, but sometimes the reason is obvious. In my collection I have one sent four years ago from Hollywood. Among the names on it are Agnes Moorehead and Elizabeth Montgomery of the TV comedy *Bewitched*, and Larry Hagman and Barbara Eden from *I Dream of Jeannie*. To the people in the shaky world of show biz, any port in a storm, and even the flimsy security of a chain letter is a Gibraltar when you're sweating out the final ratings and wondering about a renewal notice. (Incidentally, Mr. Hagman sent it to Miss Moorehead. Since the supernatural format of both shows made them competitors for the same audience, you can't help but wonder what he hoped to accomplish by the gesture.)

The same letter contains the venerable name of George Halas, and again the reason is obvious—the faltering Chicago Bears. Except Coach Halas overlooked the fact that football games are played on a field, not in a mailbox, which is the only place a chain letter can really help anyone.

A fascinating side light of my collection is the incredible metamorphosis of Cal Napak. This elusive gentleman (rest his soul) first appears as Colonel Napak; he then becomes Col. Napak, Con Napke, Cal Nips; he returns to the service as lowly Corp. Napak, becomes Cal Napak (twice), and in the most recent letter he emerges as General Wasp. I'm glad he made it to the top before he got it "while in the Philippines."

Receiving a chain letter gives you only two options: Do what it asks or risk the consequences. In this respect, it's not unlike a subpoena; but while the courts can provide relief from an unjustly served subpoena, nothing on earth can neutralize an unleashed chain letter once it's in your hands, where it says, in effect, "By God, you're going to get *some* kind of luck whether you want it or not!"

—JOHN BONI.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

All I Don't Know Is What I Read in the Newspapers

IF YOU'RE WONDERING why I've been wearing this beatific smile these past few weeks, it's because I've stopped reading all newspapers. Newspapers, I've decided, are for wrapping fish.

I'm firmly convinced the newspapers are out to get me. All their fishy columns of print about what's going on in the world have left me walleyed, drowning in a sea of contradictions.

Cutting out newspaper reading was an agonizing withdrawal. Stopping cigarettes was a comparative breeze, as was eliminating cyclamates and French fries.

Reading newspapers, you know, stunts your growth. If you want to grow intellectually you have to stop reading items on page 1 that are continued antithetically on an inside page, which makes you turn back to page 1 to make sure you are not blowing your mind. For example:

ITEM: President Nixon sent a fact-finding committee of Senators to study the Vietnam-Cambodian War. On his return, Senator George Murphy of California gave us a song and dance about how well we are doing in the war. He said he had heard from a high, confidential source that Russia was getting tired of the Vietnam War and would soon give up on it. . . . Inside the same paper that day a headline read: SOVIET SIGNS PACT FOR MORE AID TO HANOI.

ITEM: Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel, in an interview, said that despite the critical letter he had sent to the President on the government's attitude toward youth, there was no breach between him and Mr. Nixon. . . . Inside the paper I learned that Mr. Hickel had been "disinvited" to Sunday morning services in the East Room of the White House where the gospel often is heard—such as "Judge not, lest ye be judged" and "Turn the other cheek."

ITEM: On the same day, this sermon on the war was delivered in Russia at the Kremlin: "We cannot but see that the peace-loving declarations of the new United States administration go counter to its aggressive actions, which aggravate international tensions." So speaketh Leonid Brezhnev, leader of the government that overran Czechoslovakia.

ITEM: In planning the new entertainment programs for next season, TV executives have announced that programs will be "relevant" and "now" and will pay more attention to "social awareness. . . ." On an inside page: "James Stewart will appear in a new TV series as a professor in a college. The series will steer clear of campus political strife."

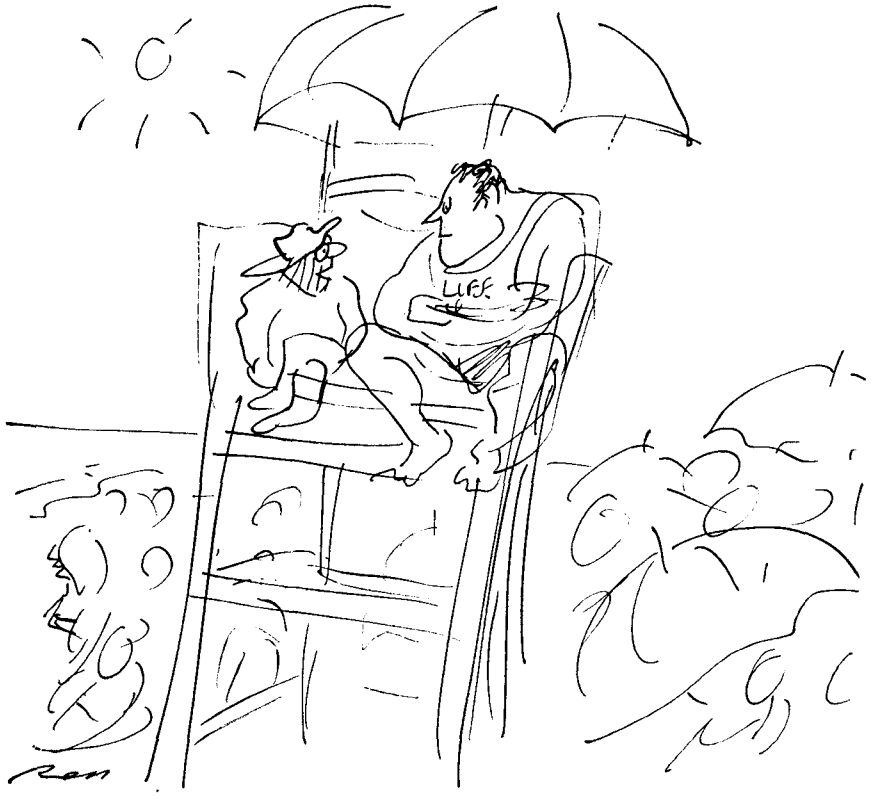
ITEM: In his economy speech to the nation, our President stated that to speed up the fight against inflation we have to make sure more "real value is produced by an hour of work. . . ." Inside the paper: In Augusta, Georgia, where there had been several killings, the Justice Department asked the county coroner for autopsies. He refused: "We work on a budget system. An autopsy costs $100. And besides, we've already had two this week."

ITEM: In Cambodia are the Angkor Temples, says the front-page story, built in the ninth century. In charge of preserving these renowned ruins is a Cambodian military man named (so help me) Major Am Rong, a right-thinking gentleman who says he will not attack the Vietcong if it might endanger the safety of the temples. . . . Inside the paper, a Pentagon spokesman stated that all U.S. military commanders had been told to avoid ruining the ruins. "That means," he was quoted, "they will see to it the temples are not damaged as long as we can still maintain the safety of our troops."

ITEM: The President has taken a courageous step in reforming welfare. Under his new plan, every poor American family of four would receive a basic income guaranteed to be $1,600 a year. . . . On another page, a member of the American Conservative Union speaks out against this welfare, warning it would cost the government $72-billion (about equal to our defense budget of $71.8-billion). And besides, the Conservative Union says that the bill does not determine whether a recipient of the $1,600 would spend it "wisely," or "for his own pleasure—for television sets, or automobiles, or whatever." Ten dollars a week for TV sets, $10 a week for automobiles, $10 a week for whatever, and 75 cents for "wisely."

And if you're still not convinced that newspapers are writing, repeating, correcting, and erasing history, a final item from Mr. Jack Orr. In the New York *Post* was this TV program listing.

(2) *Jonny Quest*
(4) *Council of Churches Special*
(5) *American West*
(7) *Islands in the Sun*
(11) *Westerners*
(13) *What's New?* (rerun)



"I always wanted to be a lifeguard."

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Question: What, besides mighty oaks, from little acorns grow?
Answer: Agnuts.

On the other hand, in deference to the forensic ability of our Vice President, Marie Tolson of Alexandria, Virginia, found in *Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary* the following:

> *Spirometer*: an instrument for measuring the air entering and leaving the lungs.

Our Typo of the Week was found in the Milwaukee *Journal* by Mrs. Irvin Spoerri of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin:

> MIAMI (AP)—Comedian Jackie Gleason and Beverly McKittrick, a bland former secretary, will be married in Ashford, England, Saturday.

"With someone like Gleason," Mrs. Spoerri writes, "probably one strong personality in a family is enough."

Meanwhile, on the not-so-bland front, something has happened of late to the sex novel. Don't look now but there's evidence of bed and boredom. And, up from nowhere, it seems, have come the sex spoofs. Not the least remarkable of these is a book called *The Ravishers* by Merle Lynn Browne—a novel that explores not only the who-does-what-to-whom as well as the everlasting *why* of sex, but also, and apparently far more important, the *where*. In Mrs. Browne's book, for example, four male swingers (movie star, tycoon, etc.) have a bet: They must have an affair with a hitherto unknown female in the most unlikely location, if you will pardon the expression, conceivable. To us the taste seems terrible—one location is the President's bed in the White House, while another is the ladies room in Grand Central—but then, we suppose, to question the taste of a satire of tasteless books is like trying to put down a put-on.

In any case, we found Mrs. Browne as pretty as her jacket—her book jacket, that is. She wore a backless Pakistani outfit and rings at least an inch high. "I like the old and the new together," she told us. "The rings are lucite, but this bracelet is at least two hundred years old." She also told us that, having been born in Norfolk, Virginia, of a service family, she felt more international than specifically American. Mrs. Browne was married for the first time at seventeen—to a South American. "He was my father's best friend," she said. "I was in love with him at eleven, but we only lived together three or four months. His concept of the place of women was different from what American girls are brought up to believe."

Mrs. Browne managed to say that with a very straight face. She is now married to an ex-advertising man, Gerald Browne, who, she said, helps her very much. He already has published one novel—not counting hers—and is working on putting out two more. "I like to ask people," she said, "which episode did you like or dislike the most? It tells me so much about them. My husband, for example, was offended by the ladies room episode, but it's my very favorite. The whole trouble with all this sexual permissiveness is there is so little attention to *place*."

Mrs. Browne also said *that* with a very straight face. "But do you know," she concluded, smiling, "I've had wonderful letters from some people who really *have* used their imaginations. One man wrote me he had had an affair in the belfry of Big Ben. And I also had a letter from a pro golfer who told me he had had an affair on the eighteenth green. During the tournament, too.

"The really important thing," Mrs. Browne concluded, "is that you simply *must* have, *wherever* you are, a very *real* danger of being *detected*."

We moved from Mrs. Browne to Mike McGrady, the *Newsday* man who, with twenty-three others, wrote *Naked Came the Stranger*, the most profitable literary hoax of all time. Mr. McGrady has now come up with *Stranger than Naked or How to Write Dirty Books for Fun & Profit*. We told him how we loved every word of it—even every word of the title—and then asked him, in turn, if he had read *The Ravishers*. "I don't really read that kind of book," he said. "I just look through it to see if they have advanced the art form."

McGrady, who is a big, bearlike man, was grinning a big, bearlike grin. "I think *The Sensuous Woman* is a put-on, too," he told us. "I think it was written by twenty-five newspapermen from Philadelphia. I met the author and she's one of those friendly, cheerful, Midwestern types. She *couldn't* have written it. Both Jacqueline Susann and Harold Robbins have one thing in common, you know. They sincerely believe they're the best writers in the business—although Jackie has now reduced this, as I understand it, to the best *storyteller*. This unites them—this terrific sincerity. The only difference is a female/male difference. She treats sex gingerly, like a matronly virgin. He treats it like a bowling writer would treat bowling."

McGrady grinned again. "You know," he said, "being a newspaperman and not a famous writer, you always wonder what it would be like being Harold Robbins. But just getting a taste of it was enough to show you it isn't all that great. Of course, we only got a small dose. But the proof of it is that not one of us is writing dirty books. Some of us are writing books, but they're not dirty. Harvey Aronson, for example, has written a hundred pages of a novel, but he says no one makes love until page 98—and then it's only a two-paragraph scene. I warned him there'd be no interest in his book.

"And there's Bill McIlwain," he went on. "He's a writer-in-residence at Wake Forest. He's working on two novels. One of them is based on that character of his in *Naked Came the Stranger*, that 104-year-old man in the wheelchair, you remember." We apologized—and told him we hadn't read the book. "Don't apologize," he said tersely. "I'd be mad at you if you said you had. The only thing I would have asked you is *when* you read it. You know we sold 20,000 copies before the fact that it was a hoax came out—and I've never yet found *anybody* who admitted having read it before they knew it was."

We asked him if it were true that Penelope Ashe, his wife's sister, whom the group persuaded to be the book's author, would now be permitted to use the name and write more books. "No," he told us briefly, "she has been stopped. She wanted to take the name, but we wouldn't let her. In this case he who takes my name does steal trash—and we wanted that name to stay pure."

Was there, we asked McGrady finally, any hard feeling about all this? "We have never," he said, "had a harsh word." Then he smiled. "Let's be frank," he said. "We haven't talked since last August."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1893)

(WOODY) ALLEN:
MY WAR WITH THE MACHINES

I have a Polaroid camera; it started putting out pictures in two minutes. I didn't want to say anything. Then it started putting out pictures in five minutes. Finally, I got a little note that said, "Come in tomorrow for them!" So be nice to your camera.

From "The Playboy Book of Humor and Satire"

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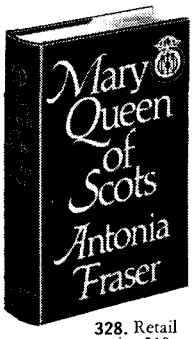

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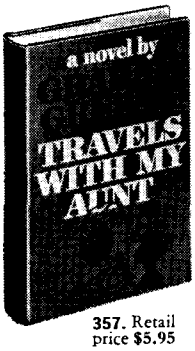

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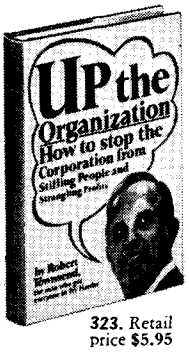

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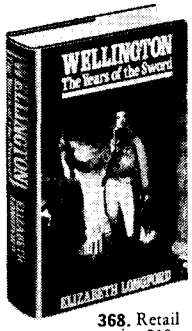

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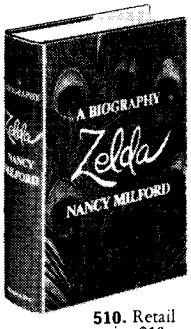

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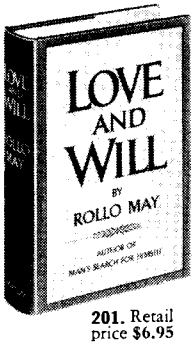

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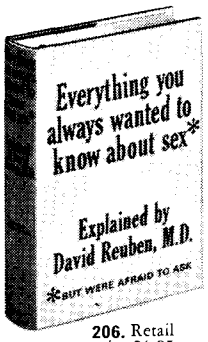

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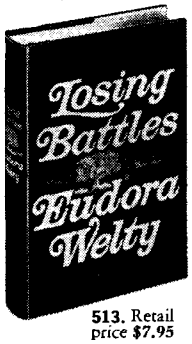

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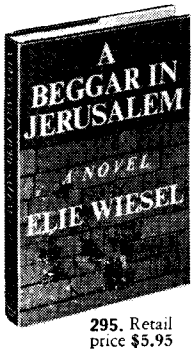

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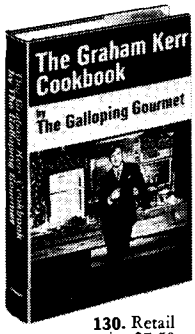

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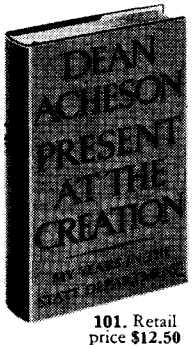

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London Letter

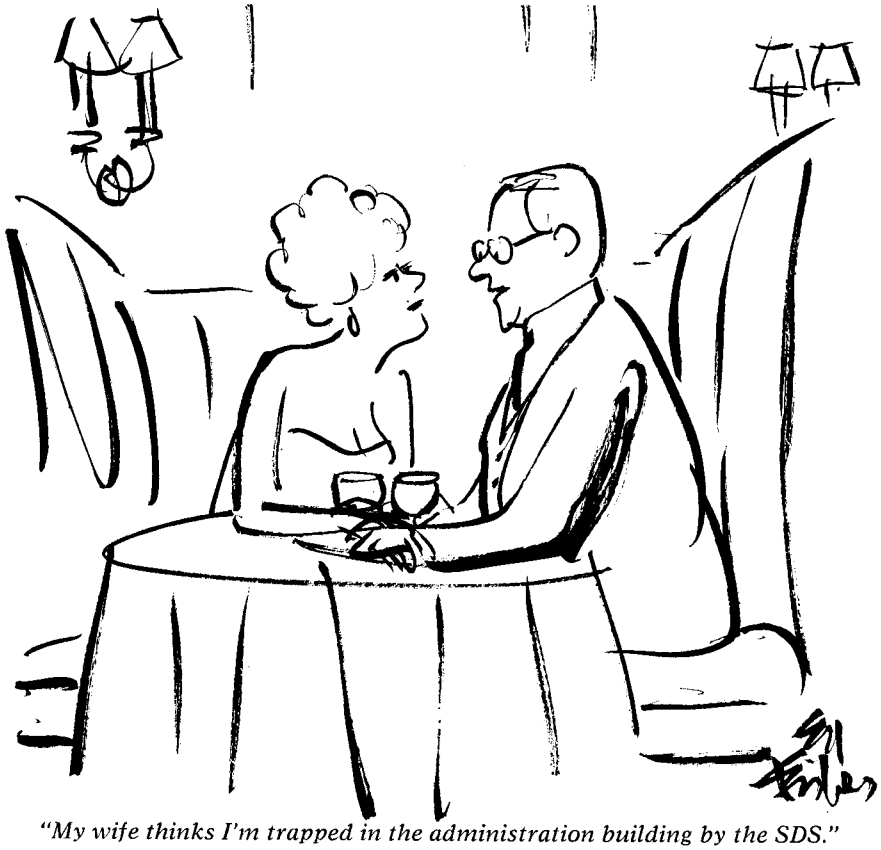
Herbert R. Mayes

The Fame of Fraudulency

IT MUST HAVE BEEN a year and a half ago, in New York, that I first came across Clifford Irving's *Fake,* published by McGraw-Hill. Recently, it appeared in England, under the auspices of Heinemann, and aroused considerable interest, as any book would that concerns such a man as Elmyr de Hory, perpetrator of some of the most astonishing art forgeries in the history of mankind. With his thousand faked paintings, few of them thought to be anything but genuine when offered for sale and purchased by connoisseurs, de Hory set the whole art world on its ear. Lord knows—the art dealers do not—how many more years must go by before all the Modiglianis, Renoirs, Picassos, Dufys, Derains, Braques, etc., now in proud private hands and galleries and museums, are sorted out and determined finally to be originals, or imitations by the fabulous Hungarian expatriate.

Human deception in any area, even if only briefly and not completely successful, makes for compulsive reading. Van Meegeren faked Vermeers. Sculpture has been faked as well as paintings. Archeological finds have been faked. Stamps and money have been counterfeited. There have been baseless but convincing pretenders to thrones. Fake pedigrees and genealogies have abounded. An Italian charlatan once claimed to have located the doctrines of Elijah, and he had his followers. For more than a decade, Count Cagliostro, a Sicilian whose real name was Beppo Balsamo, held half of Europe so deeply enthralled with his claim to supernatural powers that Schiller made him the hero of a novel.

Any scheme, any sly coup, that deceives successfully, captures public attention and is sometimes even applauded, not for the dishonesty involved but for the felicitousness of the conceit. A recent example is directly to the point. A few weeks ago, in a London suburb, a cunning rogue posted a "Temporarily Out of Order" notice over the night depository outside of the local bank and installed in front of it a substitute deposit box into which understandably credulous patrons of the bank cheerfully dropped their envelopes stuffed with checks and paper currency, which the culprit then carried away in the early hours of the morning. "Of course we cannot commend the deed," said the police report, "but we must admit to some admiration for the audacity of the idea." The British police, it should be noted, are invariably conservative in their appraisals.



"My wife thinks I'm trapped in the administration building by the SDS."

Literary annals are replete with names of men who duped their contemporaries with seemingly truthful and learned volumes, particularly histories of people and places that were altogether fictitious. There was Gemelli Carreri, for example, a Neapolitan, who produced his *Voyage Around the World* without, it was later verified, ever having traveled beyond the confines of his native birthplace. There was the infamous William Henry Ireland, an Englishman, who toward the end of the eighteenth century claimed to have found and have in his possession not merely a will written by Shakespeare's *father* and a love letter written by Shakespeare himself to Anne Hathaway, but also a previously unknown play, *Vortigern,* by Shakespeare. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was sufficiently impressed to actually produce the play in the Drury Lane Theatre. The performance was derided, but it was some time before Ireland confessed and his various frauds were revealed. His "original" manuscripts are to be seen in the British Museum.

Then there was, among thousands of others, a Frenchman who called himself George Psalmanazar, who came up with a spurious alphabet and grammar, a unique calendar that had the year divided into twenty months, and a religion and weird ritual—all of which were supposed to represent the life and times of the then little-known island of Formosa. But of all literary impostures, probably none is better known or so well remembered, or was the cause of so many hysterical charges and countercharges, or lasted so long before being exposed and disposed of, than that for which Thomas Chatterton was responsible. And now is as good a time as any to mention Chatterton, this year being the bicentenary of his death in 1770.

Chatterton had all the makings of genius. Some of what he wrote *was* the work of genius. With the exception of Robert Burns, he has been adjudged the most original poet of the eighteenth century, one of the youngest poets of any time or place to have earned a niche among the immortals. But it was not much of what he wrote under his own name that made his fame and keeps it alive; it was the poetry he wrote and ascribed to someone else.

Born in Bristol, the posthumous son of an inept father, loved by the indigent dressmaker who was his mother, adored by his periodically deranged sister, Thomas Chatterton knew his letters at four. He developed an insati-

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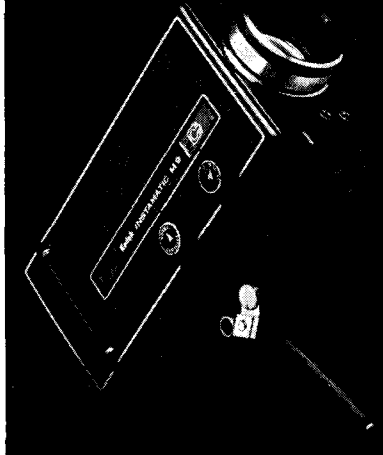

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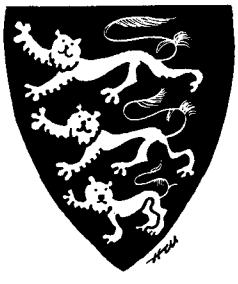
able passion for reading and a tremendous appetite for discourses on heraldry, history, astronomy, and theology. Few persons of his era were as familiar as he with Chaucer, the father of English poetry, and his archaic English. Moody, prey to spells of melancholy and fits of depression, but nevertheless confident of the future, he said on one occasion, "God has sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if they choose to be at the trouble." He voiced the conviction that his name and accomplishments would be trumpeted over the earth. It was not an exaggerated prediction.

At the age of ten, he drew pictures of knights and churches and coats of arms, some of which are preserved in, naturally, the British Museum. At that age he had already written and seen published "Christ Coming to Judgment," a verse that many a poet in full maturity would have been pleased to acknowledge as his own. In his span of life, Chatterton wrote plays, satires, essays, a comic opera, as well as his poems, and had most of them accepted by editors who rarely paid for the product of his mind and pen. He had no roots in travel or education. He had neither friend nor tutor. What he had was mainly a fervor for antiquity. He was, without doubt, a species of miracle. He was no thing of beauty, he had no joy for ever, not even for a day, but Keats dedicated "Endymion" to his memory and wrote of the sad fate of "the child of sorrow, the son of misery." In "Adonais," Shelley referred



to Chatterton's "agony." Byron, Scott, and Rossetti heaped their praises on his work. Alfred de Vigny wrote a play called *Chatterton,* which became the basis for an opera by Leoncavallo.

In his earliest childhood years, the boy's almost exclusive haunt was some secluded corner or gallery in Bristol's Church of St. Mary Radcliffe. That church, it has been written, was "the fixed pivot for his thoughts, the center of his waking hours, the medieval scene on which his heart was set, a crowded stage, a living chapter of history, and he saw it through the centuries, thronged with worshippers on holy days and during festivals. He found in the dimmed splendors of that church,

(*Continued on page* 57)

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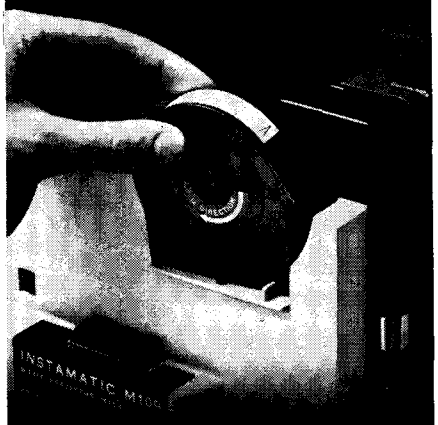

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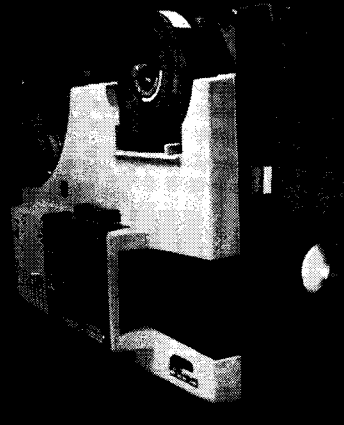

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Living High on Wit, Wisdom, and Love

"A life without commitment to others, without dedication to a purpose beyond ourselves, and without a close partnership is only half a life."

by CARL BINGER, M.D.

When I was asked to contribute to this series, I accepted the assignment without hesitation, because I knew it would force me to look at myself honestly and to take stock of myself again. Past middle life, this is a good thing to do—especially so for a psychiatrist, because he can understand other people only insofar as he understands himself.

My father, a majestic Victorian gentleman with great warmth and humor, died when I was a boy of fourteen. He used to tell a story about a man ordering dinner in a restaurant. For dessert, he found rice pudding listed on the menu; so he said to the waitress, "Is the rice pudding hot or cold?" "We have both, Sir," she answered. "Well, then I guess I'll have some apple pie." I cannot say that I learned a lesson from this story alone, but the point was not lost on me. Do not waver and agonize too long between two alternatives. Make a decision, if you can, even if you have to settle for a third choice. And, above all, having made your decision, do not cast lingering backward glances and repine over what you didn't get.

No one has portrayed this state of mind better than Robert Frost in his poem "The Road Not Taken." I once heard him read it, in his resonant, slightly rasping voice, and I never forgot him or what his poem conveyed.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood,
and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Many years later—thirty or forty, perhaps—I was one of a small company at dinner with him. After dinner he sat in a low upholstered chair, with his eyes closed and a puppy in his lap that he was stroking affectionately. He seemed lost in contemplation as he soliloquized gently, apparently unaware of the others in the room. I wish I could have had a tape recording of his words, which seemed to me the distillate of an old man's wisdom. I remember he talked about the need for opposition in our lives and the natural biological opposition between men and women, and how this tension was the spring of all creativeness.

Frost, who was not psychologically minded, had wisdom of a sort, in spite of the narcissism that often accompanies creative genius. Perhaps he did not realize that the opposition between the sexes on which he dwelt is also reflected in each individual. Today we are aware that there is a female side to men's natures, as indeed there is a male side to women's. We are all compounded of both elements. It is good when they are not at war with each other, when they have found a reconciling symbol and can live peaceably and creatively together without too much strain.

Which brings me to Martin Buber. Like Frost, he had a certain magnificence about him. I was conducted into his study once in Jerusalem, in 1957, a year after Suez. He lived in an Arab house with enormously thick walls. I had no reason for being there except that the professor of psychiatry at the medical school thought that I should meet him. He left us alone together. From the old man's looks, I felt at once that I was in the presence of one of the prophets. For one hour we had an uninterrupted and I could say intimate conversation, entirely spontaneous and to me memorable. We talked mostly of the meaning of hostility. Buber was a convinced Old Testament Jew, but he was loved and trusted by the Arabs. He had the most singular capacity for immediacy in his relationships. When I left him, I said to myself, "At last I have met a good Christian."

I have mentioned these two vastly different octogenarians as models for what life could be for those who have learned its lessons. Good examples can clarify our goals, as long as we do not

The author: A distinguished psychiatrist, teacher, and author, Carl A. L. Binger, the twenty-fifth contributor to *SR*'s "What I Have Learned" series, has never lost sight of the broad, humanist view while practicing the science of medicine. Born in 1889, Dr. Binger was graduated from the Harvard Medical School and practiced medicine for several years before specializing in psychiatry. He taught at the medical colleges of Cornell University and the University of Cincinnati, as well as at Harvard. From 1947 to 1962 he was editor-in-chief of *Psychosomatic Medicine* and has been a member of the editorial board since 1962. A member of numerous medical and psychiatric associations, Dr. Binger also serves as a consultant for the Medical Department of Radcliffe College and the Harvard University Medical Services. His books include *The Doctor's Job, More About Psychiatry,* Revolutionary Doctor: Benjamin Rush, 1746-1813,* and *The Two Faces of Medicine.* Dr. Binger's latest work, *Thomas Jefferson: A Well-Tempered Mind,* will be published in October.

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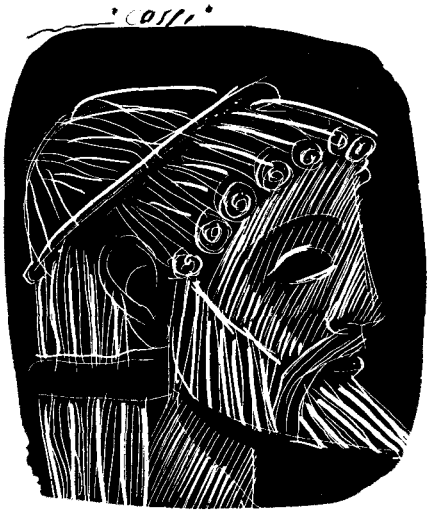
strive to be what we were not intended to be. A dray horse can never become a thoroughbred racer. It takes a long period of trial and error to find out what we were made for. We can learn much from others.

By and large, I have been most fortunate in my encounters with my fellow men, and especially in my close friendships. They have added greatly to the zest of my life. I have been lucky in this. It is important to understand about luck or, better, chance, and to realize that more often than not it is determined by the inner set of our personalities. There are some people who seem "to get all the breaks," just as there are others who are constantly running head on into catastrophes of greater or lesser degree. The element of chance cannot be denied, but it plays less of a role in our fate than our private wishes do. In an uncanny way, the outer world seems to conform to our inner needs, as though by some predetermined, almost inexorable mechanism. Many wise men know that luck or fate is much of our own making. Napoleon, it is said, would not tolerate a subordinate who was always running into hard luck.

There is no situation in which the propensity for self-damaging behavior is more manifest than among those who are said to be "accident prone." We have begun to think of them as individuals whose hostility is turned in against themselves. In its more social manifestations, this tendency is perhaps less well recognized. Illness, failure, scandal, divorce, and the ruin of other's lives, maybe children's especially, can all be brought about by the unrecognized need, even wish, to suffer. No one has told this better than Truman Capote in his terrifying book *In Cold Blood*. As a psychiatrist, I have been forced to look at this dark side of life, but it has not made me unhappy or misanthropic to do so. I think I have learned to take a long, unflinching look at unpleasant facts and then try to deal with them as best I can. This is not an easy lesson to learn; it seems at first so much more comfortable to ignore them.

Although I have spent most of my professional life as a psychiatrist, I had no intention of becoming one when I first studied medicine. I am convinced it was the right choice for me. One's inner truth is not established by reasoning about it, but by acting it. From the age of nine I had wanted to be a doctor of medicine. I shall not go into the personal reasons that steered me in this direction, but I never wavered from my original choice. I did, however, change my objectives from time to time during the course of my studies, depending upon my tastes and talents and the influences to which I was being exposed. I started out with a special interest in physiology and certain body mechanics. I became greatly interested in respiration, and for a while it looked as though I were going to become an experimentalist and laboratory worker, for which I seemed to have some natural skills. But the plight of man's suffering and his endless need to be destructive, even self-destructive, arrested me. I felt that I would have to be concerned principally with these—to learn whether such impulses could be ameliorated or redirected. This led me back to the clinic and to the more human aspects of my profession.

But then I discovered that my scientific knowledge was far from enough. There was a *tertium quid* that somehow escaped me. It lay in the zone between bodily and mental disorders—in what was called psychosomatic medicine. I pursued this subject for some years, but gradually I saw that I could not hope to be expert in both fields. Like my father and his rice pudding, I had to make a choice. Either one was



as much as a man could master, and so I gradually moved into psychiatry, having been trained in psychoanalysis, as well. The two seem to me inextricably interwoven. Each one illuminates the other.

Now the change from the relative certainties of scientific research and even those of internal medicine, with their reliance on quantitative measurements, to the relative imprecision of psychiatry was no easy transition. But I knew it was right for me, and because it was I was willing to go through the necessary struggle and the work it entailed. Many of my associates had a hard time figuring this out, but my close friends, who really understood me, approved, and I was grateful to them for this. It is not easy to go through such a struggle and to throw away what looks like a sure thing; but I soon learned how important it was for me, and I know now that it has enriched and fulfilled my life. I tell this autobiographical story because it represents one of the critical experiences in my life, and I suppose that we learn most from them, especially when there are risks involved. As Major Barbara's father said to her, "You have learnt something. That always feels at first as if you had lost something."

But all this is now ancient history. I could not begin to recount what I have learned from my professional life. My first statement would be, "Not nearly enough." My ignorance is still, as Professor Santayana used to say, "wide and varied." I should not expect it to be otherwise. But I feel that I have learned something about myself and something about my fellow man. What one is capable of learning depends, of course, on one's native endowments and on one's opportunities.

I could count off a dozen or so of my teachers who made all the difference in my life. They taught me respect for intellectual integrity and the importance of keeping the windows of the mind open so that the winds of change could pass through them. I was at Harvard College during one of its blossoming times, when such men were there as James and Royce, Santayana, George Herbert Palmer, Ralph Barton Perry in philosophy, Edwin B. Holt in psychology, Kittredge and Neilson in

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English, Parker and Thaxter in the biological sciences, and others perhaps less well known but no less important to me. They were matched by an extraordinary undergraduate body who numbered among them many men since become famous—such men as Van Wyck Brooks, John Hall Wheelock, Edward Sheldon. These men became close friends of mine after college days, and each in his own way contributed to my understanding. Among my own classmates were John Silas Reed, who helped shake the world in ten days; T. S. Eliot, whom I knew only peripherally; Alan Seeger, who kept his early rendezvous with death; Robert Edmond Jones, the stage designer; Stanley Cobb, the distinguished neuropsychiatrist—all now dead. And among the living, J. A. P. Millet, the gifted psychoanalyst, and Walter Lippmann, who has been a friend for more than seventy years. If this sounds like name-dropping, I cannot help it. They are the men I was thrown in with during my formative years.

And at medical school there were other important teachers. I shall mention one only: Dr. Walter B. Cannon, whom I have called elsewhere a "pathfinder in physiology." He fulfilled his own criteria for an investigator, who he felt should possess "insatiable curiosity, creative imagination, great ingenuity and technical skill, keen powers of observation, a retentive and facile memory, and a willingness to take infinite pains." Added to all of these were a delicious humor and sense of nonsense combined with a fierce liberalism that made him the friend of Republican Spain during its death struggle, and a friend of the Soviet scientists when they were in the main cut off from us and we from them. Cannon used to lean over a student's shoulder while he was struggling with a complicated experiment and say, jauntily, "This takes clean hands and a pure heart!" And every student knew he had neither, but hoped he might yet achieve them.

The opportunities for learning in medicine are great indeed. Early in his career a young doctor is brought face to face with naked facts. A hospital is a wonderful place for observing human relationships. It can be what Herman Melville said of the whaling ship—that it was his Harvard and his Yale. It is, above all, a place of continuous dialogue, and from dialogue with people of different backgrounds and ages we can learn a great deal. Patients can be our best instructors in how to live and also in how not to live and in how to cooperate with the inevitable. And they can also teach us how to die.

Perhaps no man can say what he has learned in life until just before he draws his last breath. Learning is coextensive with life itself, or, at least, it should be. As long as some blood continues to trickle through the vessels of the brain, the learning process goes on. Of course, it slows up with aging, and much that is learned is forgotten. But I am not talking about the intellectual process of learning alone, nor about the acquisition of information, nor even about the recording, as on a tape, of life's experiences and the ability to play them back.

I want to be much simpler than this. I want to recount instead what I hope I have learned from life. Others, in time, may be able to judge whether I have indeed learned these things that I hoped to. First, I hoped to become a decent human being, alive to the wonders of the world and sensitive to the feelings and needs of others. I hoped to have good relations with my fellow men, to find some with whom I shared common goals and interests and a few who would become close friends. With these, I hoped to share deep, even if unspoken, understanding. Love and friendship cannot flourish without understanding, and understanding others rests pretty much on understanding ourselves. But we cannot understand ourselves in the face of all our cussedness, selfishness, and false pride unless we learn to accept ourselves. I believe that I have learned this kind of self-acceptance in spite of all my imperfections, some of which, at least, are common to the species.

I see no virtue in self-castigation nor in superhuman efforts at reform and self-improvement. Nothing is more important than the enjoyment of one's daily life, its texture, its smells and colors and sounds, the voices and looks of those we love. If one can combine such sensuous delight with curiosity and intellectual satisfaction, the two will enhance and augment each other greatly.

"Herein is the way of perfection," said Marcus Aurelius, "to live out each day as one's last, with no fever, no torpor, and no acting a part." I would add to this piece of ancient wisdom the injunction to enjoy each day, to relish to the full the pleasure of the senses, including good food, good wine, and good music, amid beautiful surroundings, either in the city or in the country.

I find little in common with those people who tincture all their pleasures with guilt. They seldom bring much joy to the world or comfort to others. I doubt whether plain living is the necessary accompaniment of high thinking. Nor do I believe that virtue consists in leading an ascetic, solitary,

(*Continued on page* 56)

"I suppose you all think this is very funny. . . ."

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"Not to Kill, But to Live"

by WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

JERUSALEM.

The words of the young Israeli army officer still rang in my mind in this serene city of King David after returning from a tour of the Suez Canal front. We had met at an advanced artillery post near the canal. The burning, barren, desolate sands of the Sinai Desert in this forward area were scabrous with shell holes, and on the way our army jeep had passed the crumpled remains of a Soviet MIG-21 with Egyptian markings, a lonely Ozymandias. High overhead a squadron of Israeli warplanes raced homeward through a sun-burnished sky, while on the other side of the canal the horizon quivered with towering black geysers from the bombs the Israeli pilots had just dropped on Soviet-built missile sites.

Under a camouflage net rigged over a half-track, near a 105mm howitzer and anti-aircraft battery, the troops had arranged some fresh oranges, cookies, and soda pop on a wooden table. "Welcome to the Sinai Hilton," they said.

A youthful lieutenant was munching on a cookie and sipping lukewarm pop. I asked him how he felt about the war. He did not respond at once. He obviously was reflecting on his answer. Then, in hesitant but adequate English he declared:

"I am not sure, except that I know I want peace. We have a nation to build. We do not hate the Arabs. They are taught in school to hate us, and their governments tell their people to hate us. We are not taught to hate them, because we know one day we will have to work with them.

"But now we have to fight them. It's such a waste. They want to destroy us. We will not permit this after waiting two thousand years. We have to fight to survive, but we do not want to destroy them. We shoot not to kill, but to live, and one day we will all go home and live together in peace, they and us."

He stopped, shy and somewhat embarrassed by the depth of his emotion, and seeming to feel he had taken too long to answer a simple question. But he had summed up the mood of a small nation and a democratic people who are calmly going about the deadly business of defending themselves from conquest and extinction without hating their fanatical enemies or forgetting for a moment that their true task is a peaceful one: to build a modern, enlightened nation in the ancient land of Zion.

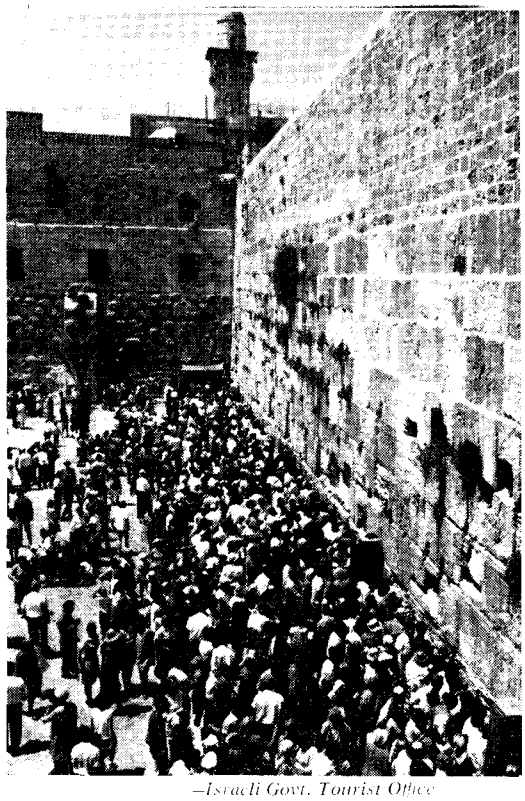
The cruel, costly combat on the Suez Canal, along the Jordan River, above the Golan Heights, where burned out Syrian tanks and shattered bunkers still mark the 1967 end of their point-blank harassment of the Upper Galilee kibbutzim for twenty years, and where Soviet Katyusha rockets still drop in nightly, and on down the Lebanese border to the Mediterranean Sea is not the dominant reality of Israel today.

The hard reality of Israel today—at first, difficult to grasp for a foreign visitor saturated with the daily headlines about conflict, crisis, and Russian intervention—is that of a nation going peacefully about its mission of building a new homeland and civilization for Jews from all over the world. More than 50,000 immigrants still arrive each year, and hundreds of thousands more are dreaming of Zion, chiefly in Russia, where Jewish emigration is still barred. Immigrants from more than 100 countries have come to Israel with nothing in common except their Jewish faith, their memory of the Diaspora, and their dream of Zion. In culture, education, values, and style of life they were totally alien to one another.

The anthropological and sociological phenomenon of modern Israel is as remarkable as that of the United States, for the Israeli is a new man, forged, as the American was, from a national melting pot. The pioneering struggle in a harsh land surrounded by implacable enemies has proved to be a remarkable "pressure cooker" that has turned German Jews, English Jews, Spanish Jews, Turkish Jews, Greek Jews, Arabic Jews, African Jews, and Indian Jews into Israelis, just as many nationalities also seeking freedom and fleeing injustice were earlier transmuted into Americans.

This new breed of men is planting seven million trees a year in a stony, parched land and finding enough water to enable 70 per cent of them to survive. Today, the eye and soul are refreshed by new forests and green, fertile fields where all was dry and brown before.

Away from the immediate zones of hostility along the borders, an all-pervading sense of tranquillity and normalcy pleasantly surprises a first-time visitor expecting the tension of a garrison state in a besieged nation. The mood is one of confidence. This was especially evident at the Weizmann Institute of Science in Rehovot between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, where a staff of 1,200, including nearly 400 scientists, plus 400 students, press toward new frontiers of knowledge. The achievements of the institute have won for it world-wide recognition. Today, under the direction of Dr. Jonas Salk, the American discoverer of polio vaccine, a twenty-year program of "mission-oriented" research is being developed.



—Israeli Govt. Tourist Office

Jerusalem's Wailing Wall—" 'One day we will all go home and live together in peace.' "

The keynote here is in the Israeli state of mind that plans naturally for twenty years of peace and research. It is also evident in Jerusalem, where the consolidation of the ancient city with modern Jerusalem since the Six-Day War in 1967 is regarded as permanent. On the one hand, excavation to uncover and restore the 2,000-year-old Herodian origins of this greatest of holy cities for Jews, Christians, and Moslems is going forward under the guidance of a distinguished archeologist, Professor Benjamin Mazar, a seventy-year-old bundle of enthusiasm, knowledge, and vision. On the other, the thousands of Arabs in the city are being incorporated into its unified life under Mayor Teddy Kollek, also director of the Israel Museum and former chief assistant to the Prime Minister. Immediately after the liberation of the ancient city in 1967, Mayor Kollek connected its water mains with those of modern Jerusalem. The effect on the Arab population was

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electrifying. For twenty years they had lived with water available only four hours a day for two days a week. Suddenly it was available for twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. No water had been available for fire protection; a full system of fire hydrants has now been installed. The Mandelbaum Gate, a street of barbed wire, machine gun emplacements, and barricades, which separated the ancient city from modern Jerusalem when Jordan held it, has vanished; in its place are a modern plaza, park, and esplanade. Even today's residents have difficulty in locating the former gate area for visitors. The gate and all it stood for have been consigned to oblivion by Mayor Kollek as one mark of the permanence of reunited Jerusalem as the capital of Israel.

Repair, renovation, and restoration of the unique holy shrines have already enjoyed, and still are enjoying, more progress since 1967 than in the previous twenty years of Jordanian rule, from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to the Western "Wailing" Wall. The work has been done in full consultation with the religious authorities involved and with much less ecclesiastical bickering than previously.

This kind of pragmatic, imaginative measure, including the careful protection of the rights of Jerusalem's Arabs, has involved the Arabs peacefully and cooperatively in the present life of the city. Yaacov Hazmah, editor of *Al Anba*, Jerusalem's daily Arab newspaper, said during a dinner discussion one evening that in a free and secret plebiscite 70 per cent of Jerusalem's Arabs would now vote to remain under Israeli rule rather than return to Jordan. He explained, "First of all, the Arabs recognize they are being treated fairly and that they are much better off than they were before. Besides the water, the city is cleaner, better and more honestly administered; there is more and fresher food, and the standard of living has risen appreciably. Furthermore, the Arabs believe the union of the city is permanent. With their sense of fatalism they are prepared to accept the inevitable since, unlike other occupied areas of Jordan on the West Bank where resistance and terrorism continue, they believe they will never be subjected to condemnation or punishment for collaborating with the Israeli authorities because they are convinced the city will never be returned to Jordanian control."

For the official visitor, or for the annual flow of 400,000 foreign tourists, the quiet normality of life in this colorful and endlessly fascinating land is a refreshing and reassuring experience. It is all part of the long view of the people and their government. They waited 2,000 years to found their nation and settle their ancient homeland. They now intend to remain at least 2,000 years, and they are confident the Arabs, the United States, and even the Soviet Union will eventually accept the fact of their fundamental determination to remain, survive, and flourish in peaceful collaboration with their Arab neighbors. This goal may be years in coming, but the Israelis are prepared to stand firm until it eventually does.

In a frank, off-the-record conversation in his forward headquarters on the Suez front, a senior Israeli general also emphasized this long view:

"We are here only for defense and security. We have no aggressive or expansionist aims. We are prepared to hold the line along the canal for at least ten years, or longer if necessary, in order to achieve a secure peace. After twenty years of terror and insecurity, we put great store on our present security based firmly on our new borders, and we do not intend to give this up easily or without real guarantees. The presence and the escalating activity of the Soviet Union in Egypt and Syria and the Arab world in general are obviously new factors of which we are aware and which we take carefully and constantly into account. They affect our daily military as well as diplomatic decisions.

"We want to avoid a combat confrontation with them if possible. And for the present their pilots and other specialized technical troops here seem to be observing the same restraints, although the manning of both the SAM-2 and SAM-3 missile sites is of increasing concern to us. We know they are being manned by Soviet as well as Egyptian troops. Certainly, the Soviet Union's assistance has greatly improved the combat effectiveness of both the Egyptian and Syrian armed forces. Still, we are confident we can and will stay here until the Arab governments are prepared to enter into serious peace negotiations with us."

It seems clear that when serious negotiations finally become possible, the Israelis will be prepared to offer conciliatory terms to the Palestinian refugees. The government is now making genuine efforts to improve the condition of the 225,000 refugees in camps inside Israel; it is also prepared to offer the Arab Nations guarantees of security, trade, and mutual economic development of the surrounding region, and to arrange some withdrawals from the occupied territories.

The theme of confidence and determination in the long-term capacity of Israel to protect its physical integrity while continuing peacefully to build up the national economy was repeated again and again in conversations with members of the Israeli cabinet and the Knesset (Parliament), even though the rapidly rising costs of defense, especially the dollars required for American arms, are exerting severe pressure on Israel's financial resources.

Though Secretary of State William Rogers's current peace initiatives were welcomed in Israel, it was made clear in private official conversations that Israel would not accept a temporary ceasefire, which they are convinced the Egyptians and Syrians will merely use to prepare new military bases while free from Israeli air attacks. At the same time there seems to be a quiet agreement that the United States will provide the arms that Israel needs, without any public announcement or tabular details. One high government official said, "We invest a great deal of money and effort at great risk to find out how many planes and other arms the Russians are giving the Egyptians. Why should we announce every detail of what we are receiving from the United States and thus save the Russians the expensive effort of finding out? We hope to keep quiet and to be quietly grateful for what we receive in the future without any big announcements. If we are not screaming, you need not worry about our supply of planes, tanks, or other U.S. weapons. If we scream, please listen carefully."

There was little hope that more moderate voices would be raised or heard in the Arab nations for some time, especially with the Soviet Union's entrance into these troubled lands. There are very private and regular contacts, but the Israelis are convinced that their security and the security of the U.S. stake in the Middle East now depend on Israel's being given the "tools" with which to defend itself. They neither expect nor want any U.S. troops, having great pride and confidence in their ability to defend themselves indefinitely if given the necessary resources. They seek less than one-fiftieth of the American aid committed to Vietnam in weapons and dollars.

With their sense of history the Israelis remember another time of critical danger when the representatives of democracy and totalitarianism met "to preserve peace" at the expense of a smaller country. It was at a place called Munich. They believe the United States must have learned as much from this historic incident as the Soviet Union did, and that President Nixon will not be party to a Middle Eastern Munich at the fatal expense of Israel and eventually at great cost to the United States and the orderly world it has been striving to help bring into being across both the Pacific and the Atlantic ever since the end of World War II.

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The Many Worlds of Joseph Wood Krutch

—NBC photo

by BROOKS ATKINSON

From 1924 to 1952, Joseph Wood Krutch was a Broadway drama critic. From 1952 to the end of his life on May 22 he was a field naturalist in the American West. On both subjects he wrote with great distinction, but his books on nature brought him national recognition. During the eighteen years he was based at Tucson, Arizona, conservation became a matter of national concern. It affected the lives of more people than Broadway drama did.

Since Mr. Krutch was a distinguished writer in two dissimilar fields, many people have often wondered how he could have made such a complete transition. It is difficult to find any similarity between the uproar and bawdiness of *What Price Glory?*, which was the first play he reviewed as critic for *The Nation*, and the remote, indifferent majesty of the Grand Canyon, the subject of one of his best books. But there was more to Krutch than mastery of two unrelated areas of learning. While he was an active member of the New York intelligentsia, he wrote notable biographies of such unrelated men as Dr. Johnson, Poe, and Thoreau. He wrote political editorials for *The Nation*, and three provocative articles about the Scopes trial.

The Modern Temper, which he published in 1929, is a long essay written in terms of pure reason. It argues the futility of human civilization in a disinterested universe. Krutch's long tenure as Brander Matthews Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University might be classified as an extension of his career as a drama critic (or vice versa), but it involved a depth and range of knowledge that would have been irrelevant on Broadway.

To be surprised by the range of Krutch's accomplishments is to overlook his fundamental characteristic. He had a brilliant mind. He had a passion for ideas. He had phenomenal intellectual energy. He could cope with abstractions. Although his subjects were varied, he had a major theme: the relation of man to the universe. In the world of ideas, he was at home anywhere.

During the last euphoric year of the Twenties, when Krutch was thirty-six years of age, he wrote his desolating book *The Modern Temper*, which shocked many readers because of the depth of its pessimism. "Living is merely a physiological process with only a physiological meaning," he wrote. "And . . . it is most satisfactorily conducted by creatures who never feel the need to attempt to give it any other." He concluded, "Ours is a lost cause and there is no place for us in the natural universe."

But that was not his final word on the subject. Since he was always his own man, it would be unfair to imply that Thoreau's *Walden* changed his mind. Although it is now recognized as a basic book, Krutch did not read it for the first time until he was thirty-seven years of age. The social criticism of *Walden* and its integrated natural history made an indelible impression on him. In 1948, he wrote a critical biography of Thoreau that begins with this significant sentence: "The lesson which Henry David Thoreau taught himself and which he hoped he might teach to others was summed up in one word: 'Simplify!'" For the rest of Krutch's life, Thoreau was in his mind. Krutch quoted no other writer as much.

He and his wife Marcelle, the first person in every aspect of his life, settled in Arizona, primarily for reasons of health. But there were other reasons. The Broadway theater had begun to disintegrate to the point where it no longer interested him. And there was an intellectual reason: "I felt that the time had come when I should take a closer look at the part of my universe which neither I nor my fellows had made." He was escaping the man-made world that he had described as stifling and doomed in *The Modern Temper* twenty-three years before.

Then began the happiest and most fruitful part of his career. Although he regarded himself as an amateur naturalist, it is significant of his attitude toward all aspects of life that he began by studying biology and other natural sciences. He had more confidence in the discipline of science than in surface impressions. He did not write about the random pleasures of nature. As he prowled around the Grand Canyon and Baja California, he studied biology, botany, and geology as frames of reference relating to the universe.

Although Krutch remained aloof from many of the beliefs and pursuits of contemporary society, he said, "I no longer feel myself alienated from man or the universe." He had achieved a measure of reconciliation. But not of surrender. His intellectual integrity barred compromises with sentiment or romance. After submerging himself in nature in Arizona, Krutch said that he thought he saw in the order of nature "some drive toward the 'higher.'" It is reflected in the exuberance and glowing wisdom of his books about the out-of-doors.

BROOKS ATKINSON, former drama critic of *The New York Times*, is author of *Broadway*, to be published in November by Macmillan. He is currently writing *The Bright Land*, to be published by the Natural History Press.

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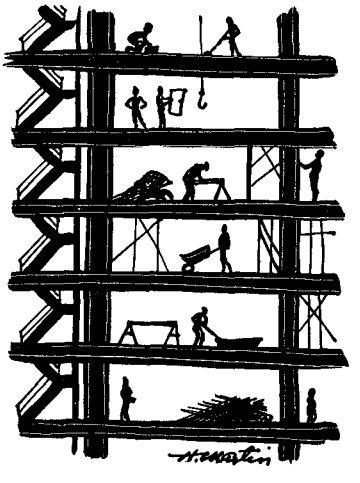
Blue-Collar Strategy

The "forgotten man," the "silent majority", and the "lower middle class" have by now become clichés of American political discourse. Supporters of the Vietnam War invoke the name of the silent majority in its defense; radicals of the Left see a potential Fascist under every hardhat; and writers who once described every American workingman as affluent now regard him as a candidate for membership in the legions of repression and reaction. Like all generalizations, each of these descriptions falls short of accuracy and suggests a situation that is far more complex and, conceivably, more explosive.

Late in June, a White House panel submitted what was described as "a confidential study" dealing with one large segment of that silent majority, the approximately seventy million people in blue-collar families who live on incomes of between $5,000 and $10,000 a year. What is most significant in the report is not the economic data nor the observation that neglect of working Americans is politically dangerous, but the fact that the administration is interested in the problem. The document describes people in this bracket as trapped by inflation, limited earning capacity, inadequate education, regressive state and local taxes, poor recreational facilities, a lack of child-care facilities, and a general social bias against people who work with their hands. Most, although not all, are white; many did not complete high school. "To a considerable extent," the report says, "they feel like 'forgotten people'—those for whom the government and the society have limited, if any, direct concern and little visible action."

The panel that prepared the report was headed by George P. Shultz, who was Secretary of Labor until he assumed new duties as the administration's Director of Management and Budget, and included Attorney General John Mitchell, OEO Director Donald Rumsfeld, and Presidential assistants John Ehrlichman and Daniel Patrick Moynihan. It was written by Jerome M. Rosow, Assistant Secretary of Labor for Policy, Evaluation and Research.

Commissioned by the President last summer, the report may be more significant for what it omits than for what it includes. Although it recommends certain general measures to help workers upgrade their jobs and to find better jobs, as well as increased tax relief for child care, publicity to improve "the status of blue-collar work," and other steps, many of them vague, it does not deal with the overall climate of divisiveness and limited hope that now afflicts the country. The administration's appeals to "good Americans" and the silent majority have been directed not to hope but to frustration and anger, to people who resent long hair and protest, who fear students and blacks, and who are told, again and again, that expenditures for war are necessities while domestic problems—medical care, poverty, and improved education, transportation, and recreation—must be postponed in the cause against inflation. The politics of the so-called Southern strategy is presumably directed to the racial attitudes on which people like George C. Wallace are said to thrive; it is rarely suggested, however, that Wallace's appeal also contains a strong dose of Populism directed to the economic frustrations of the forgotten seventy million. A substantial number of the blue-collar people who voted for Wallace in 1968 had been supporters of Robert F. Kennedy before his death. In some way, both men spoke to their needs and beliefs. Scratch a bigot and you may find a democrat.



The issue raised by the blue-collar report—and it has been raised before—is whether the administration will speak to the causes of blue-collar tension and anxiety, or whether it will try to use that tension and anxiety against dissent and social reform. Will it try to lead all Americans to an understanding that they can make common cause against war, hunger, dead-end jobs, inadequate schools, and improper medical care? Or will it continue to foster the impression that the nation's problems are caused by the dissenters themselves?

The war in Vietnam and the nation's current economic problems—mounting inflation on one hand, and growing unemployment on the other—affect Americans of all classes and of every conceivable background, and the inaccurate notion that there is some sort of natural alliance on Vietnam between the President and the hardhats can lead only to more hopelessness and more violence.

The President commissioned the study of blue-collar workers; its recommendations—which fail to mention the war or the general mood of the nation—are plainly inadequate. But any perceptive reader of that study, or of other expressions of blue-collar discontent, cannot fail to understand that only a redirection of national objectives, and a change of national mood, can begin to resolve the problems of the American worker—and of the rest of the nation, whose problems he shares.

—PETER SCHRAG.

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Letters to the Editor

Environment's Ownership

IN "Who Owns the Environment?" [*SR*, July 4], Peter Schrag makes an important point, that "The issue of 'environment' brings together those who already consume, not those who aspire to it." But he does so exclusively in terms of a domestic debate or confrontation inside the United States.

During the past two years, I have been urging the need for new approaches to the problem of increased productivity in the economically less developed countries, using a pilot project encouraging small-scale business and industry in western Kenya as an example. We have the makings of the same intellectual and emotional gulf in the international scene, based on reactions I have observed.

Many Americans whose outlook should make them among the most sensitive to the drudgery, insecurity, and deprivation of people subsisting on less than $200 a year do not respond as I think they would have a few years ago. They are afraid that somewhere down the road—whether ten, twenty, or fifty years from now—Africa, Asia, and Latin America, if we help them now to increase productivity, will find themselves with our problems. Unfortunately, such doubts, no matter how sincerely felt, make it extremely difficult to establish rapport with people who are concerned with their immediate problems of getting rid of squalor and hunger and economic dependence.

Within the United States the two groups Mr. Schrag writes about are so closely interrelated that the confrontation cannot be avoided, whether or not we are able to work out satisfactory solutions. But it is a problem much easier to duck responsibility for internationally. If we cannot put our best efforts into closing the "haves/have-nots" gap, by helping the latter to become more productive, the division may have much more serious consequences world-wide than domestically.

DAVID H. SCULL,
President,
Partnership for Productivity,
Annandale, Va.

I READ Peter Schrag's recent article this afternoon; this morning I read an article in the Los Angeles *Times* entitled "Interest in Environment Appears Waning in Legislature." Three columns of "nothing done," and yet the front page has a story, "Famine Hits Over One Million Brazilians," describing how make-work is being given to the fathers of five to ten children.

The environment never lets up. Keep after it.

J. KUSTOWSKI,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Patriotism's True Meaning

THE TRAGEDY of N. C.'s eloquent editorial "The Higher Patriotism" [*SR*, July 4] is that it probably will not be read and fully understood by the populace. The following words of Woodrow Wilson (from an address to the Gridiron Club on December 9, 1916) are offered to complement the editorial:

> The day of cold thinking, of fine-spun Constitutional arguments, is gone, thank God. We do not now discuss so much what the Constitution of the United States is as what the Constitution of Human Nature is, what the essential Constitution of Human Society is, and we know in our hearts that if we ever find a place or a time where the Constitution of the United States is contrary to the Constitution of Human Nature and Human Society, we have got to change the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution, like the Sabbath, was made for man and not man for the Constitution. I have known of some judges who did not perceive that. I have known of some judges who seemed to think that the Constitution was a strait jacket into which the life of the nation must be forced, whether it could be with a true regard to the laws of life or not. But judges of that sort have now gently to be led to a back seat and, with all respect for their years and their lack of information, taken care of until they pass unnoticed from the stage. And men must be put forward whose whole comprehension is that law is subservient to life and not life to law.

The end of a truly democratic government should be concerned with the commonweal, not the deceitful perpetuation of itself. When government forgets that man has inviolate rights by nature, it is time for *true* patriots to rise and refresh the "tree of liberty" with their blood.

JOSEPH F. NEUSSENDORFER,
Stillwater, Minn.

Credit Where It's Due

I ENJOYED Richard Walton's article on the United States and the United Nations, entitled "After Many a Summer Dies the Majority" [*SR*, June 27]. However, I would like to point out that Professor Inis L. Claude has been at the University of Virginia for the past two years (Mr. Walton indicated he was at the University of Michigan).

While this admittedly minor error does not discredit Mr. Walton's excellent article, Professor Claude's presence at the University of Virginia does great honor to my alma mater, for which it should receive credit.

PETER W. OPPENHEIMER,
New York, N.Y.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Theater in England

LONDON.

THE RATE at which British hits transfer to New York has slowed considerably of late. Three of the most popular attractions, *Conduct Unbecoming*, *Sleuth*, and *Carol Channing with Her Ten Stout-hearted Men*, currently are scheduled to be presented on Broadway next season, and evaluation of them is better left until that time.

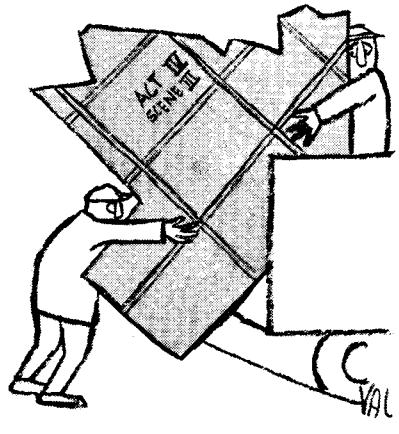
However, there are a number of productions that probably will never get to New York, and these are the most interesting for American visitors. To begin with, there is the National Theatre, which will be operating at two playhouses with a repertoire that includes *The Merchant of Venice* with Olivier as Shylock (see THEATER, July 11), Ingmar Bergman's staging of *Hedda Gabler* with Maggie Smith in the title role, a new production of an adaptation of Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*, and the National's merrily popular rendition of George Farquhar's eighteenth-century comedy *The Beaux' Stratagem*.

The last is as light as crisp pastry, with the mood perfectly set by René Allio's simple cut-out scenery that is lowered into place before our eyes. We know immediately that the performances will be playful, and indeed Maggie Smith as the bored country wife and Robert Stephens as her sophisticated would-be lover from London delightfully stretch the fun in every situation. Miss Smith mischievously controls her vocal inflections in such a way that her deliveries are a combination of startled surprise and sudden practicality. And Mr. Stephens speaks flattery with a slight rapidity and exaggeration that keep the play's focus on humor even in its most romantic moments. The scene in which he woos her by pretending to be commenting on the esthetic merits of the paintings in her gallery is gorgeous comic teamwork and a peak achievement for these two. It is also a tribute to director William Gaskill, who much earlier in the National Theatre's career had a similar success with another Farquhar comedy, *The Recruiting Officer*.

The Royal Shakespeare Company is doing a new season at Stratford-upon-Avon (*Measure for Measure, Richard III, Doctor Faustus, Hamlet, King John, Two Gentlemen of Verona*) and is bringing last season's highly acclaimed production of *The Winter's Tale* into its London theater, the Aldwych. Also playing in repertory with *The Winter's Tale* are Günter Grass's *The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising* and a revival of Dion Boucicault's comedy of manners *London Assurance*. This 1841 play about a snobbish London roué whose vanity leads him into some uncomfortable experiences in an English country house features a performance by Donald Sinden that has all the amusing hauteur of a Noël Coward as he reproaches his valet by pointing out, "Your manners are above your station." When the country squire tells him, "Here we rise with the lark," he replies with stupefied unconcern, "I haven't the remotest idea when that is."

This year's Chichester Festival has had a great success with Robert Bolt's new historical play *Vivat! Vivat Regina!*, with Eileen Atkins excelling as Queen Elizabeth I opposite Sarah Miles, who plays Mary, Queen of Scots. Bolt's view is that Elizabeth rejected life in order to be a powerful and effective queen, becoming a disaster as a woman, while Mary did exactly the opposite. History would hail Elizabeth while heaven, which has no mercy on those who do not live life fully, would hail Mary. The play has flashes of Bolt's wit and his particular talent for projecting unromantic realism into the past. It is scheduled soon to be transferred to London. From mid-July till mid-September, Chichester will offer *Arms and the Man* and *The Alchemist*.

In London, there is the fabulous *Danny La Rue at the Palace*, a revue that features the special music hall humor of the most totally likable and accomplished female impersonator I have ever encountered. Most entertaining also is David Mercer's blasphemous new comedy *Flint*, which has bawdy fun with a seventy-year-old Anglican priest who without guilt has lived a life of vigorous adultery, including his latest affair with an eighteen-year-old Roman Catholic girl. Michael Hordern luxuriates in the play's irreverence, and Mr. Mercer keeps coming up with penetratingly funny remarks, such as his suggestion that in our times the church has "a doctrine so devoid of rationality that it meets a deep human need." The play moves freely and with uneven success through many scenes. Yet at the end we thoroughly like this unrepentant and unhypocritical sinner and envy him his life-style. The twinkle in his eye seems to signal his healthy if temporal victory over the forces of stultification and death.



Another emerging British playwright, thirty-seven-year-old David Storey, is represented by two new works. The first, *The Contractor*, originally was done at the small Royal Court Theatre and then revived in the West End. It is a most unusual piece of theater in which, for two acts, we watch a bunch of workmen as they go through the laborious process of erecting a fancy tent. The tent is being put up by Ewbank, a rough and tough contractor, for his own daughter's wedding to a polished but somewhat effete young gentleman. It is, in effect, a demonstration of how the son of a rope-maker advanced himself in wealth, though not in manners, to the point where his children can go to the best colleges and be gentlemen and ladies. However, like the raising of the tent, the process seems as sad as it is happy. The workmen know who they are, but the others appear lonely and unrooted. In the third act, after a wedding reception that we never see, the tent is dismantled and Ewbank's family separate. It is all a very accurate observation of contemporary British life.

Storey's second play, *Home*, with Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson, is a kind of Briticized *Waiting for Godot* in that it presents us with two idle people imprisoned by circumstance in a depressing environment. The two gentlemen attempt to cope with pretenses of elegance and civility, while two lower-class women who speak vulgarly and quarrel provide them with their only company. It is sad, and Sir John and Sir Ralph even burst into quiet helpless tears at their hopeless situation. Because Storey has deliberately made his play nonspecific, *Home* is very often as boring as the boredom its characters face. Yet the gulf between the classes has been nicely painted. In both plays the playwright seems simply to be lamenting this unreal separation, leaving theatergoers to fill in the details out of their own experiences.

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Techniques for Psychic Survival

by HENRY S. RESNIK

PLEASE TOUCH: A Guided Tour of the Human Potential Movement, by Jane Howard *(McGraw-Hill, 271 pp., $6.95)*; **ENCOUNTER: A Weekend with Intimate Strangers, by John Mann** *(Grossman, 235 pp., $6.95)*; **MARATHON 16, by Martin Shepard and Marjorie Lee** *(Putnam, 253 pp., $6.95)*; **BODY LANGUAGE, by Julius Fast** *(Evans/Lippincott, 192 pp., $4.95)*

Leisured Americans have always had a weakness for costly regimens that promise to make them better than they are, and for the last several years the human potential-encounter group-"new therapies" movement has enjoyed increasing popularity as a means for putting people back "in touch" with themselves so that they can enjoy richer, more meaningful lives. So far no one has figured out exactly how many people have taken part in encounter groups, but Jane Howard gives us a rough idea in *Please Touch: A Guided Tour of the Human Potential Movement.* "A Bengal Indian I chanced to meet on a commuter train to Grand Central Station said oh yes, he'd been to several encounter groups," she writes. "My mother's cousin Chuck, near Los Angeles, said oh yes, he had thought of leading groups himself. A pair of bearded guitarists on a Caribbean beach said oh yes, they had hitchhiked most of the way down from New Hampshire to be in a twelve-day encounter. . . ." In other words, the group movement is *big*. For growing hordes of people, particularly Californians, group has become a way of life. And even the most conventionally turned-off man in the street has probably heard of the Esalen Institute in Big Sur, currently the world capital of psychic liberation.

HENRY S. RESNIK frequently comments on today's social scene for *SR*.

Last spring the mountain came to Muhammed after all when Esalen staged a three-day "benefit" in a New York City hotel. The purpose was to raise money for scholarships, research, and development, and, in the faintly patronizing words of a brochure, "to give people on the East Coast a chance to sample, firsthand, the range of Esalen's programs." Although the National Training Laboratories of Bethel, Maine, which introduced group sensitivity-training in 1947, is actually the oldest of the several hundred growth and training centers that Esalen has come to symbolize, nowadays Esalen seems to be where it's all happening by dint of publicity alone. Therefore, despite the fact that most of the basic Esalen techniques are widely known and used in growth centers throughout the nation, several thousand New Yorkers were eager to experience for themselves (on a gut level, to be sure) what the mountain was all about.

It was the usual encounter-group crowd: largely white, middle-class, over-thirty-ish; often members of the "helping" professions; hip enough to know that the movement Esalen represents is supposed to be terribly groovy but not quite hip enough to be groovy without Esalen's help. Under the direction of such prominent movement leaders as Alan Watts, Bernard Gunther, William Schutz, Virginia Satir, and Ida Rolf, the benefit participants, who paid $75 for the full weekend's activities, went through some dozen or so workshops—in "Senory Awakening," "Gestalt Awareness Training," and "Relaxation Techniques for Psychic Survival," to name a few. Divided into small groups and seated on the floors of the hotel's Grand Ballroom, Crystal Room, Palm Room, etc.—a far cry indeed from the oft-photographed seaside cliffs and virgin forests of Big Sur—the participants hugged each other,

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held hands, fantasied, breathed deeply, OM-ed, danced, laughed, and got in touch with everything from joy to sudden, perhaps painful, self-awareness. There was a high premium on nonverbalness, of course, and for those unaccustomed to touching (Esalen people tend to stand around in twos or threes with arms linked, rather like happy drunken roisterers) the weekend was, if nothing else, a profoundly sensual, even sexual experience—a kind of ultimate singles mixer.

In Janet Lederman's demonstration of "Gestalt Awareness as Applied to Children," for example, one exercise required the participants, who had arranged themselves into pairs, to play alternately the roles of an autistic child and a teacher intent on drawing the child into communication. The "children" were asked to assume positions expressing intense withdrawal; the "teachers" could communicate with the children only nonverbally, using their bodies in any way possible; and five minutes later the teachers would move on to a new child. Naturally this activity encouraged a good deal of hit-and-run romance.

In fact, so much of the Esalen weekend consisted of mere flashes that, unless the participants were already well acquainted with the general goals of the human potential movement, they were probably misled as to what Esalen and the movement are really attempting to do. All but the most rigid skeptics are bound to be "turned-on" by the warm-up exercises with which leaders usually begin group sessions when the participants are strangers to each other—it's difficult not to unbend when one is directed to stare into a partner's eyes for a half-minute or introduce oneself by shaking legs—but these moments of brief intensity are not what the human potential movement, at its best, is getting at. "It took us a long time to debunk the whole Freudian crap," wrote the late Fritz Perls, one of the movement's founders, "and now we are entering a new and more dangerous phase. We are entering the phase of the turner-onners: turn on to instant cure, instant joy, instant sensory-awareness. We are entering the phase of the quacks and the con-men, who think if you get some breakthrough, you are cured. . . ."

Unfortunately, conducting groups can be an easy way to make a fast buck. Anyone who wants to proclaim himself a group leader can run groups whether he has had sufficient training or not—one simply has to find a dozen or more gullible takers. Although most of the Esalen staff have earned graduate degrees, the principal qualification even for a trained group leader is only a year or so of experience. Thus, it's difficult to separate the wheat from the chaff, and of the thousands of groups that meet regularly all over the United States there must be a sizable number in which the tacitly accepted goal is not growth, but thrills.

All encounter groups emphasize physical and nonverbal behavior, of course. Gestalt therapy deals with the whole person, not just what Perls called the "computer" operations of the intellect, and to some extent the human potential movement, like the counter-culture of which it is a part, is an overreaction to the basically cerebral, impersonal, joyless way of life that the mores and educational institutions of America perpetuate. In emphasizing the growth of the whole self and the importance of joy and intimacy, encounter groups are often sexual as well as sensual. There really is nude bathing and group massage in the hot sulphur springs at Esalen. But even at Esalen people cannot shed their former selves as easily as they remove their clothes. Much of the work in encounter groups—in ongoing groups especially, as opposed to weekend or five-day marathons—is grueling and painful. Ideally it produces insights that lead to growth—insights that happen, as they always have, in the head as well as the gut.

Jane Howard's first brush with the human potential movement occurred when she was working on a story about Esalen for *Life*, where she is a staff writer. She became so interested that eventually she took a year's leave of absence to do a book on the subject. Writing with admirable candor, she emerges in *Please Touch* as a rather conventional Midwestern WASP, her glamorous career notwithstanding, whom the movement gradually won over as a highly sympathetic observer if not a full-fledged convert. But, like Esalen's New York weekend, in her eagerness to convey glimpses of essences, she betrays the movement's real goals. Her knowledge is thorough, but academic; even while she was experiencing various kinds of groups, she remained basically a reporter. And she tried to cover too broad a spectrum, taking part in what seem to have been several dozen groups and documenting at length fifteen or so.

The resulting "guided tour" is often delightful reading—some of it is first-rate satire; other parts are genuinely moving—but the over-all effect is relentlessly, annoyingly superficial. With one exception, even the in-depth accounts of various marathons have the hit-and-run air of Esalen's quickie-demonstrations. The exception is an eight-day "Advanced Personal Growth Laboratory," and it seems to be the only occasion in which the author really let all her barriers down, abandoned the role of reporter-participant, and surrendered herself to the experience.

Despite its basic flaws, *Please Touch* is the best comprehensive guide to the human potential movement available. Miss Howard has a capacity for gathering huge masses of facts and making sense of them with wit and style. The movement has become a vast and sprawling beast, almost impossible to define or describe except through endless firsthand accounts; but Miss Howard brings order to the confusion.

One chapter of the book describes the sort of people who join groups; another introduces the "circuit riders," the movement's peripatetic gurus; there is a chapter on group in schools and one that offers a concise history; other topics include the group movement in churches, techniques of fantasy and psychodrama, and the bioenergetics therapy of Alexander Lowen. At the end Miss Howard presents several recurrent criticisms of the movement and answers them, usually in the movement's favor. And throughout the book, of course, there are descriptions of actual groups—a dating group, a nude group, a couples group, a group for families, the Synanon "Stew," an interracial group, the crucial eight-day marathon, and a group for business executives.

One might well ask why, if Jane Howard became such an enthusiast, didn't she let herself get more involved in groups and write a more involving book? Why didn't she realize, for example, that even though she repeatedly depicts herself as moving from one experience to another without really put-

WIT TWISTER #174

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Below the lowest _ _ _ _ _
_ _ of her mind
Some instinct stirs, _ _ _ _ _
_ _ _ its danger call,
And rouses her to search—and
thus to find
The blood-crazed _ _ _ _ _ _
_ _ scrambling up her wall.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 57)

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ting down roots, the awareness hasn't served her in the creation of this book? Jane Howard's next book may go deeper than *Please Touch*; however, in her final chapter she offers a brief self-portrait and assessment of the changes she sees in herself—she dances more freely, but she is still emphatically "a child of the Gutenbergian print-freak heritage," still very much like what she was before—which can only remind the reader that lasting personal change happens slowly when it happens at all.

The human potential movement has already produced an enormous quantity of literature, and accounts of groups and marathons in the form of transcriptions from tape could have been predicted long ago. Even last year Fritz Perls's *Gestalt Therapy Verbatim* used the technique to illustrate Perls's own highly personal approach. It is odd and somewhat surprising, then, to discover that John Mann, chairman of the Department of Sociology at State University College in Geneseo, New York, a student of Jacob L. Moreno, the originator of psychodrama, and a frequent group leader himself, decided to present a two-day encounter, involving thirteen people, in a form that is primarily fictional.

Mann tells us in an explanatory "interlude with the author" that many of the incidents he describes in *Encounter*, whose narrative resembles the transcription of a tape but obviously isn't, actually happened in groups he has led, and that Richard, the leader in the book, mirrors himself. Nevertheless, Mann strains his technique far beyond conventional realism. At the beginning he presents, in parenthetical form, the thoughts and reactions of one of the most articulate members of the group, which provides a revealing but highly artificial commentary on the group's early hours together. Later we begin to realize that things are happening with a poetic logic and consistency unusual in real life. "The encounter weekend that has been described is probably more intense than those which are available generally," Mann explains. "This is partly the result of the written form." And the various participants speak in such stilted prose —more like the ultra-refined language of Ivy Compton-Burnett's novels than the barrages of obscenity and hip jargon one is likely to hear in actual encounter groups—that credibility suffers.

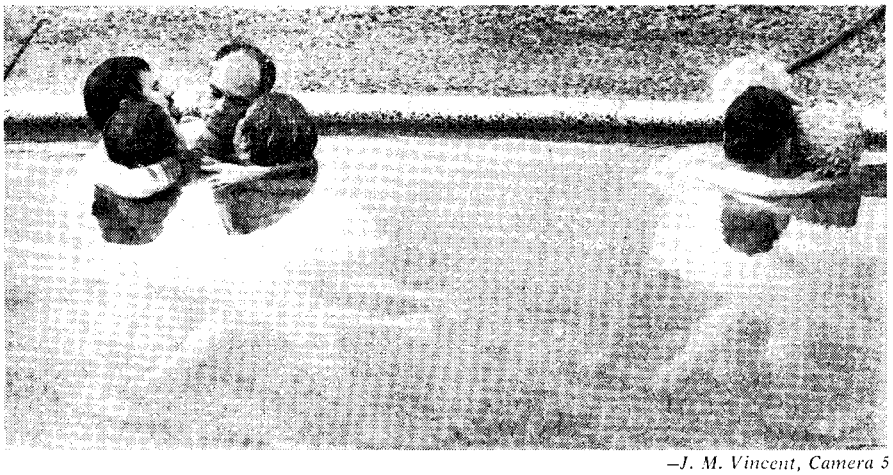
Yet the approach has certain advantages. Mann has a flair for poetic lyricism that produces a definite unity of tone and style—as he says himself, his own technique tends to focus on fantasy and role-playing—and the stilted speeches are almost balanced by passages of startling vividness. For example, following one episode, in which Richard directs the group to imagine a nude marathon, Ann, a man-hater and part-time Lesbian, gives this account:

> I had a strange experience. It was really unpleasant. We were all here undressed, looking around and waiting to see what would happen next. Nobody wanted to make the first move. Then you suddenly reached up near your neck and started to unzip your skin. You had a zipper that went straight down the front. You took off your skin like a sweater. Underneath were blood vessels, muscles, fat, and various organs. Other people started doing the same thing. Then you started taking yourself apart. I remember when you reached in and took out your heart. You had all the various parts in front of you neatly arranged, and everyone was copying you. In the end we all sat there, a circle of upright grinning skeletons and Marcia asked you, "Is this a nude marathon?"

In another passage the group spins out a lengthy fantasy in which each member tells how it feels to be a stream, flowing from the mountains to the sea. This has the effect of a communal poem, and it would never have happened so perfectly in a real marathon.

The semifictional form allows Mann to create scenes, moreover, that the reader wouldn't be able to see if *Encounter* were a literal transcription of a tape-recorded group. In a moment of complete, if melodramatic, freedom Marcia, the original narrator and one of the group's strongest personalities, wanders nude in a nearby forest. At midnight on Saturday various members of the group encounter each other in the sauna of the house where the marathon is being held. And in another scene everyone goes out to the forest to enact a fantasy in which the Devil and an Angel of God vie for the allegiance of one of the women, portrayed as a religious fanatic. There is even an epilogue, in which the group meets again a month later at Marcia's apartment.

But in the long run the participants are stereotypes instead of real people, and the instances of larger-than-life vividness and poetry are not frequent enough or consistent enough to justify the technique. It might have worked in



—J. M. Vincent, Camera 5

Encounter groups—an overreaction to the cerebral, impersonal, joyless way of life that American mores perpetuate.

—Ken Regan, Camera 5

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the hands of a skilled novelist or playwright, but more often than not *Encounter* is solemn and pretentious when it was clearly intended to be lyrical or poetic.

In direct contrast to *Encounter*, *Marathon 16* reports the experiences of a very real sixteen-hour group, involving five men, five women, a leader, and a nonparticipating writer-observer, that was organized specifically to be recorded in book form. This is the second collaborative effort of Martin Shepard, M.D., a New York psychiatrist who is on the board of directors of Anthos (an East Coast Esalen), and Marjorie Lee, a novelist, and the jacket copy announces with a palpable sense of pride that their first, *Games Analysts Play*, whose title tells all, won Dr. Shepard the distinction of being dropped as a member of the William Alanson White Institute. As one of the group members remarks toward the end of the marathon, Shepard is indeed gifted with a good deal of *chutzpah*; he dominates the gathering from beginning to end, and, probably to a greater extent than in most marathons, the group is a reflection of his own character.

All groups reflect the personalities of their leaders, of course. Although leaders of encounter groups often rely on a wide repertoire of conventional techniques and exercises, each leader's own personality is a far subtler, and more pervasive, element. It seems perfectly in keeping with Mann's general conception of the leader's role in *Encounter*, for example, that at one point Richard falls into an extended semi-coma, then later tells the group, "At first I thought that I should hurry back. Then I decided to go with the experience. Eventually it ended of its own accord." In *Gestalt Therapy Verbatim*, Fritz Perls appears to be a kind of Darryl Zanuck of the psyche, guiding his patients in and out of brief, psychodramatic epiphanies with cheery benevolence and consummate skill. Martin Shepard comes on like a drill sergeant, or perhaps a football coach, and consequently *Marathon 16* radiates aggression and competitiveness.

Considering that one purpose of encounter groups is to encourage spontaneity among the participants, Shepard has set up what seems an almost restrictively rigid structure for *Marathon 16*. Although he allows various episodes to happen whenever they will ("Little Prince's Freak-out," "Kari's Trip," "Bernard's Obnoxiousness," "Sarah's Loneliness"), he is naggingly insistent about offering direction—"I'd like you to think of something else now: the thing you're most ashamed of . . ."; "Listen, we're going into the

(*Continued on page* 36)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

The Concerns of Vachel Lindsay

ALTHOUGH IT GOES AGAINST the grain, sheer perplexity about Louis Untermeyer's review of my *Vachel Lindsay: Fieldworker for the American Dream* [*SR*, June 20] makes me write to you.

I should not be doing so if the tone of the whole review had been that of the first three paragraphs. What could be more understandable than that Mr. Untermeyer, who knew Lindsay and many of his friends and colleagues personally, remembered and assessed Lindsay as this circle assessed him in his lifetime? Perhaps my summary of this view of Lindsay as "the old image" simply sounded derogatory, though from my own viewpoint it seemed that in terms of esthetic and literary merit the old image was a valid one. Perhaps an alienating arrogance overlay my own "new assessment" of a man worried and appalled by an America which he saw as "a Land of Death," where the dream was dying, poisoned, stifled.

So far so good, in that I could visualize Mr. Untermeyer's feelings and my own inadequacies. But from then on, not so good. For from the beginning of his fourth paragraph, it seemed to me, Mr. Untermeyer began to meet me on my own ground, and, curiously, our failure to communicate with each other intensified. Having allowed that in *Vachel Lindsay* "Lindsay's idiosyncratic contribution to the culture of his day is recognized," Mr. Untermeyer went on to list some of the themes and ideas which make for the unique Lindsay, and to lament my merely passing treatment of them: "Lindsay hoped his Gospel of Beauty fused with the New Localism would change America. He did not want so much to revolutionize it as to renovate it, to recondition it with parks named after poets, with village improvement parades, and with Plato's *Republic* transmogrified as in *The Golden Book of Springfield*. Little of this is to be found in Miss Massa's book." Surely "this," to a fault, is the obsessive content and core of the book: two chapters on *The Golden Book of Springfield*, four chapters on Lindsay's Gospel; a section on "The New Localism." Mr. Untermeyer lists two other important concerns of Lindsay's, "the common man" and his "pantheon of heroes"; yet he virtually dismisses sections of the book on "Democracy" and "Socialism," and he omits to mention sections on "Johnny Appleseed and the Western Ethos," "Heroes of Ecumenism," "A Litany of Contemporary Heroes," "Lincoln, Washington and Jackson."

ANN MASSA,
Colchester, England

Drama of Limitations

JOHN ALDRIDGE [*SR*, June 27] points out an important failing in much academic criticism when he says, in his review of Updike's *Bech: A Book* and Alice and Kenneth Hamilton's *The Elements of John Updike*: "[certain critics] seem to assume, syllogistically, that if *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land* contain classical and mythical allusions and are considered great works, the presence of such allusions in a work must automatically make it great." The danger to literature—to the spontaneous life of literature—is obvious.

I wish, however, that Aldridge had em-

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THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I guess this string belongs to you, Theseus. I've been following it all through the labyrinth."

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phasized the positive aspects of Updike's new book, which is a truly surprising work to have come from him—clever but not sterile, warm and engaging and deeply cynical, but not deadening. It treats the life of the imagination and the intellect with great respect, and yet it dramatizes the fearful limitations of such a life with as much zest and as much beauty as Saul Bellow did in *Herzog*.

JOYCE CAROL OATES,
Windsor, Canada

I REFLECT THAT I ASK for too much when I experience a feeling of incompleteness because the reviewer does not dwell on—or even mention—one fault I've found in *Bech*: On more than one occasion, when Updike describes Bech physically, he deserts his customary finesse and utilizes a term common to some bigoted gentiles and self-hating Jews. Why does he fall back on such an offensive crudity as "Jewish nose"?

JOSEPH GANCHER,
Albany, N.Y.

Hölderlin in Michigan

A NOTE OF WARM THANKS to Robert J. Clements for calling attention to Pierre Emmanuel's tribute to Friedrich Hölderlin [European Literary Scene, July 4], and for his informative summary report on the recent Hölderlin bicentennial celebrations in Stuttgart and environs.

Here at Ann Arbor we are in the midst of preparations for our own Hölderlin Symposium 1970 (November 5-7), to be accompanied by an extensive exhibit (including original printed documents) on the poet's life and work. From reactions of colleagues, I gather that an American Hölderlin celebration is being regarded as something of a unique undertaking. The general topic of the symposium is: "In What Sense Is Hölderlin an Early Modern?" The assured participation of a number of distinguished speakers from outside Michigan will, we hope, make this an event of more than local significance.

EMERY E. GEORGE,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Last Hope

RE: JOYCE MANUEL'S letter in BOOK FORUM, July 4:

Our world is now a sink of sepsis.
(Without indulging in prolepsis)
It's most impure!
There seems no cure
Unless it's in omphaloskepsis.

ROWLAND R. SHEPARDSON,
Mill Valley, Calif.

Hefty Claim

READER FRANK GUTMAN'S impassioned defense of Nabokov [BOOK FORUM, July 4] against what he considers the "flippancy" of A. Alvarez's essay led him to make a rather hefty claim for his hero's work. Nabokov is great, yes. His ego is mighty, true. But would he himself rate *Pale Fire* and *Ada* as equal in stature to the *Iliad* and the *Mahabharata*?

MARTIN GROSS,
New York, N.Y.

SMOKE-FILLED ROOMS: The Confidential Papers of Robert Humphreys

edited by Harold Lavine

Prentice-Hall, 187 pp. $5.95

Reviewed by Warren Sloat

■ The style of the Eisenhower era, with its sincere neckties and crewcut youth, seems light-years away; yet we still fail to understand its core, nor have its secrets been spread before us.

Robert Humphreys, the Republican Party's top public relations man in the 1950s, can be held responsible in part for the tone of the Ike-and-Dick era. Some magical quality in his prose will have you back there in a moment. "The world today finds itself beset by the scourges of communism and socialism, those twin doctrinaire offspring of Karl Marx," he writes. "No corner of the globe has escaped the impact of these two dread political diseases. . . ." You can be sure that he believed in everything in the 1952 GOP platform, including its advocacy of the liberation of Eastern Europe and its claim that Mao Tse-tung was a tool of Moscow.

But if you're looking for secrets, these confidential papers compiled by Harold Lavine unbag few cats. More a figure of influence and advice than of power, Humphreys was never close to the power nexus. Here are additional details on Nixon's near-decision to quit at mid-campaign in 1952, but that's no new story. Here also is "Document X," Humphreys's plan for that campaign, which, according to the jacket blurb, "has been seen by, at most, two dozen people until now." "Both Republican candidates," the document discloses, "have warm and winning personalities. . . . Obviously the thing to do is to gain entrance for them into the homes of America by every means possible so that the warmth of their personalities can be felt."

The papers were written at a time when only the Democrats had a sharply defined constituency, and much of the book deals with the Republican hunt for votes. Since then, Goldwater's 1964 strategy, though it crashed on its first spin, has become Nixon's.

"All the voter wants to know is, are you interested in him?" Humphreys wrote. The notion that two voters might have irreconcilable concerns never occurred to him. This pastoral view has limited relevance in a divided nation.

Whether Humphreys grasped "the meaning of practical politics" even in his own time is open to question. He was unceasing in his efforts, for example, to bring the Republican Party around to wooing labor. The Administration, he said, should "continue to treat labor...with full sympathy so far as proper collective bargaining, benefits, rights, etc., are concerned (if some healthy innovations could be offered, all the better)." The recommendation of "innovations," with no suggestions about content, is characteristic of the Humphreys style.

Labor's success in getting out the vote for the Democrats in the 1954 Congressional elections "became almost an obsession with Humphreys," Lavine notes. So, as Humphreys develops his

"Promise you won't laugh."

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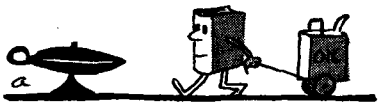
conception of the "protection of political freedom of individual unionists," it is exclusively in terms of a thrust against the Democratic entanglements of labor leaders. He has no conception of the meaning of democracy in labor unions. Taking up this very issue in 1952, the American Civil Liberties Union contended that it depends chiefly upon the state, because "the power which they [labor leaders] hold over the individual worker is largely derived from government."

During the Eisenhower years the thugs tightened their hold on unions, while the Labor Department continued to serve as a clubhouse for labor biggies. When in 1959 the chance came to help the insurgent worker, Senator



John F. Kennedy championed him, while Eisenhower lent strong support to a bill that strengthened the labor bosses and impeded the unorganized.

Humphreys was better at throwing words than at catching ideas. "Decentralization of government," that recurring phrase in his prose, was another way of saying "return to private enterprise." The Eisenhower Administration's efforts in this field only scrambled private and public sectors. Its regulatory agencies were filled with the creatures of the industries they were supposed to be regulating, producing the super-politicobusiness complex which Eisenhower eventually warned us against. No corner of the globe has escaped the impact of that dread political disease.

Warren Sloat, a staff member of the New Brunswick (N.J.) Home News, worked in the New Jersey state senate campaign of 1965 and the U.S. Senate campaign of 1966.

ADVENTURE IN POLITICS: The Memoirs of Philip LaFollette

edited by Donald Young

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 299 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Henry F. Graff

■ The sons of famous politicians are burdened and troubled and victimized by the triumphs of their fathers. Fawned upon and fêted as children, they grow up the inheritors of a glory that dogs them like a shadow. The fruitless effort to live off it as well as to shake it off leaves them debilitated, everlastingly uncertain of their own stature, and constantly subjected to the unfairest kind of comparison.

Philip LaFollette knew this agony: it was the matrix of his life. Yet he never articulated its role in the shaping of his own career; like others in the same circumstances, he was unable to. His memoirs, in consequence, have a strangely hollow sound. The father—Fighting Bob LaFollette, the well-remembered Progressive Governor of Wisconsin, Senator, and Presidential candidate—is more alive in these pages than Phil, who served as Wisconsin's governor three times. Such interest as these plodding and pedestrian memoirs may arouse is likely to be focused on the early portion, where the author offers his recollections of Dad's halcyon days.

When Phil—and Bob, Jr.—entered politics on their own, were they doing more than the thousands of other sons who go into their fathers' businesses? The question remains without answer. Donald Young, who has edited these memoirs sparingly, states in the introduction: "Phil's political values were the same as his father's, and one can do no better in characterizing the son than quote from his father's autobiography"—which he proceeds to do at length. The implication is clear that Young, too, was troubled by the alluring question, although he does not deal with it.

Despite the shallowness of his book, Philip LaFollette was an intrinsically interesting man. His awareness of the potential for governmental paralysis inherent in the tension between the state legislature and the governor led him to espouse a root-and-branch solution: the legislature and the governor must exchange roles. Under the new order of things, the governor would have the power to make laws that would be in force unless contravened by the legislature. LaFollette's enthusiasm for a strong executive was enhanced by his visits to Nazi Germany, where he found much to admire in the administrative centralization of government.

The growing strain between Phil and Senator Bob, Jr., which ideas like this helped to produce, is only barely hinted at. That disaffection was also, ultimately, a legacy of their father's luminous career. Despite the political and personal significance of the split between the brothers, however, Young has not been willing to come into the fray and examine it. He tells us abjectly in the introduction, "I have not presumed to debate the governor in his own book."

LaFollette's anecdotes, neither robust nor memorable, are redolent of an earlier time when electoral campaigns were made to seem like medieval tournaments between mounted knights in armor. Unhappily, those campaigns retain that quality in the book. It is a monument to the strength of the LaFollettes, no doubt, but not an instrument for an inquiring mind of today. The blandness of the ideas is matched by the language Philip LaFollette chose to use. For instance, he says of the labors he exerted in the Presidential canvass of 1924: "In the excitement, stress, and strain of Dad's campaign, I had almost forgotten that I had just been elected district attorney of Dane County—the job Dad had won in 1880, forty-four years before." And if Philip LaFollette ever reflected on the character of Progressivism, including its sufficiency for the size and character of the issues that were then becoming acute, he does not mention it in this testament.

In short, the book has a backward-looking tone. LaFollette does little more than evoke the overblown simplicity of the pre-World-War-I era—those allegedly calmer days when the stage of history was less crowded and complex and incomprehensible.

Henry F. Graff teaches history at Columbia University.

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THE HIDDEN CRISIS IN AMERICAN POLITICS

by Samuel Lubell

Norton, 306 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Mark Levy

■ It's hard to imagine a more myopic title for a book about the United States today. There is, after all, nothing very hidden about the current crisis in America's politics. This nation is divided over its war, uncertain about its economy, frightened by its blacks, and vexed by its young people. And, so far at least, we seem unable to do much about it.

Samuel Lubell, a veteran political journalist, offers his understanding of just what is going on. Lubell brings years of political observation to this enormous task. He has not written a perfect account, by any means. At times his new book is self-contradictory; at others, it rambles and is confused. Lubell's theme—that America is beset with interlocking and unresolved conflicts—is scarcely original. Still, the work does raise some profoundly disturbing questions about the state of the Union.

The author says that traditional party politics have given way to "a strange new politics of impatience." He sees "a near-revolutionary quickening of the whole of American political life. . . ." The result, Lubell suggests, is a shrill society where moderation and compromise are out of fashion and where public relations skills count more than substance or merit. Lubell believes we have become a management society that is badly mismanaged and perhaps out of control. Most important, he fears that such "politics of a polarizing nation" leave little room for national unity.

The bulk of the book is devoted to probing our polarizing nation. In his treatment of the big cities Lubell writes with special insight. He has masterfully combined interviews and census statistics to create a vivid portrait of the urban dilemma: increasing racial and territorial conflict as a growing black population confronts a dwindling white population that is older, poorer, and more "ethnic" than the whites who have moved to the suburbs.

In his analysis of the South, too, Lubell presents some interesting notions. He points out, for example, that President Nixon has found a willing—almost too willing—audience among some white Southerners. However, the author questions the easy assumption that Nixon's "Southern strategy" will necessarily produce a Republican South. Lubell notes that in order to capture the South completely, Nixon must find ways of bridging the historical, cultural, and economic gaps between the business-minded middle class of the cities who now back the GOP and the rural and relatively poor whites of the Wallace constituency.

Lubell seems somewhat less informative when he turns to the so-called "youth crisis." His attitude toward college students and professors is often patronizing and simplistic. He is convinced that the major cause of unrest among the young is the draft, and he argues that the crisis will go away if there is draft reform. He is wrong. Of course, young people object strongly to the draft; they are the ones who have to fight in unjust wars. But there is more troubling America today than the draft, and the concern of young people for their country will not evaporate with an all-volunteer army.

Throughout his book Lubell tries to assess the impact of crisis on the political system. The author is an unabashed democrat. He expects the political parties to serve as society's peacemaker. According to this theory of democratic institutions, political parties build winning coalitions of voters by offering policies that reconcile conflicting interests. It is important, Lubell says, that a majority political coalition include people who hold opposing points of view. Lubell recognizes that the two major parties are currently trying to redefine their memberships, and he concedes that, barring a depression or some other calamity, President Nixon will probably succeed in constructing a new Republican coalition.

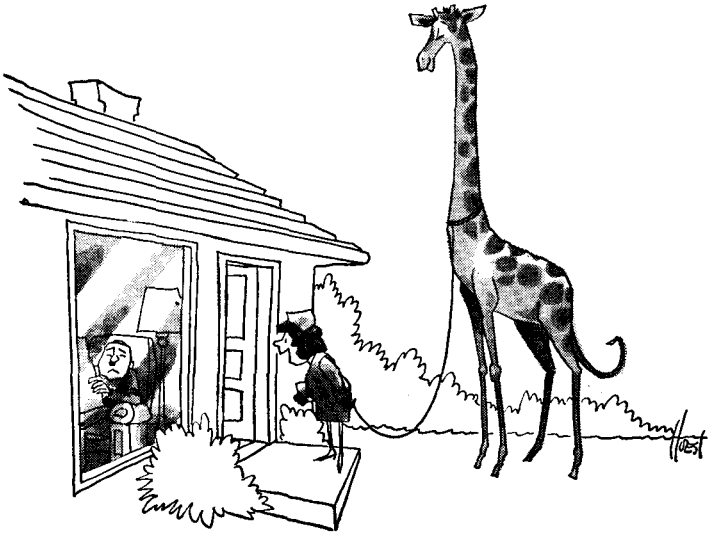
But coalition-building is not a painless process. Lubell charges that, instead of pursuing policies to "bring us together," the President is deliberately exacerbating strife. To the South, for instance, Nixon holds out the promise of a Supreme Court sympathetic to segregation. And to the "sun-belt" conservatives of California and the Southwest, he pledges continued high defense spending. At the same time, however, Nixon offers little to the cities, the young, the poor, or the blacks.

Lubell envisions a winning Nixon coalition in 1972 which excludes these and other "liberal" elements. But he is deeply worried about its nature. He makes his most original and important point when he writes that the Nixon coalition represents "a startling, almost radical departure from the traditional nature of American political parties. Its base of conflict seems too narrow and too excluding to be able to unify this divided nation."

Lubell has written an excellent description of a nation about to tear itself apart. Unfortunately, when he moves from description to prescription, he is as stymied as the rest of us. His plan for an Early Warning System on social trends, for example, is impractical, and his suggestion that we take a nonpartisan approach to national priorities is naïve.

Ultimately, Lubell seeks refuge in a less than convincing attempt at historical perspective. He writes: "Some years from now, we will be able to look back upon these impatient years as part of a larger drama of a great nation adjusting its political habits and institutions in a time-shortened world." His prediction may prove to be correct. But right now it's difficult to share his optimism.

Mark Levy is a political analyst with NBC News.



"You'll never guess what I got for opening a savings account at Franklin National."

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Report from England, Part I

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

I'm in love with a bookstore. Why don't we in the United States have anything like London's Children's Book Centre? Big and busy, with inviting child-size chairs near the lowest shelves, bright with posters and pictures, it is not only devoted to the children who visit it, but it initiates, to some extent, the kind of community-related programs carried on by American libraries.

The store is on a rather quiet street that erupts into activity when the school day ends. Every Wednesday there is a story hour in which members of the staff, some of the children, authors, and artists participate. There is a projection screen at the back of the shop, so that talks about books may be illustrated with film strips. Schools often ring up to arrange class visits or request loan exhibits, and once a month there is a meeting of the Puffineers, a flourishing paperback book club. More about that in the future.

Five years ago the proprietor, Eric Baker, decided that children needed a bookstore of their own. Today the shop has a stock of 20,000 books (more than 5,000 titles), which make up 40 per cent of the sales. The bulk of the business, however, consists of mail orders from parents, schools, and libraries the world over. Some of this is accounted for by a family subscription plan (minimum expenditure 24¢ a week). To help its customers the store publishes graded booklists, compiled not by the staff but by experts in the field of books for the young.

Twice a year special lists are printed: "Christmas Choice" and "Fifty Best Books of the Year." The titles are selected by the review panel of an excellent magazine also published by the Centre, *Children's Book News*, which contains reviews, articles, and lists of forthcoming books.

A group of British authors reacted to my enthusiasm and envy with calm pleasure and an air of mild surprise. But of course, they said, children are book-oriented. For one thing, television. Hadn't I seen any British television? Monica Sims, head of children's programs for the BBC, said that their current productions were started fifteen years ago, some of the material being commissioned. Sunday afternoons there are serialized dramatizations of adult and juvenile classics. *The Silver Sword*, by Ian Serraillier (Phillips, $4.95), was so popular that it is now being rerun and is bringing in a spate of letters from children who had been told about it by older brothers and sisters. The first showing resulted in the book's being adopted as a school text.

Morning programs for preschool children include storytelling and stories from picture books. The sets often feature drawings sent in by viewers. Probably the best-known series is the daily after-school program *Jackanory*, in which there is a variety of book-centered activity. Occasionally the stories that are read have been sent in by children in response to a photograph shown on a previous program; at times these are read in conjunction with tales by an established author based on the same picture.

An aspect of the program one would fervently wish to see here is the participation of distinguished authors and actors. Scanning a day-by-day list: Margaret Rutherford, Sir Compton Mackenzie, Mai Zetterling, Wendy Hiller, Edward Ardizzone, Joyce Grenfell, Celia Johnson. . . .

Research has shown, said Miss Sims, that both bookstore sales and library circulation are boosted by exposure on *Jackanory*. The Library Association of Britain conducted a survey on what children enjoyed and remembered, and the results have been used as a guideline for future programming.

Much of the material that is commissioned is published in paperback by the BBC. Do the books sell well? "Half a million copies of the *Blue Peter Christmas Book*," said Miss Sims, adding modestly, "but then, we have an audience of eight or nine million."

Bobo's Dream. *By Martha Alexander. Dial. 32 pp.* $2.95. In a charming tale of dreams of glory, Martha Alexander uses no words. Her small black boy and his amiable dachshund, Bobo, make every action crystal clear. The boy, wearing his football helmet and jersey, is reading under a tree, having fed his small dog a large bone. Big dog appears, walks off with bone. Boy wrests it back. Adoring small dog gratefully licks boy. Then the dream: the boy is playing with his friends and some bigger boys catch and keep his ball; enormous in his fantasy, Bobo stalks majestically over and the big boys decamp in terror. Waking, the small dog sees the big one again, but this time he barks and the big dog cowers. The message is either that bravery is all in the attitude or that perfect love casteth out fear. In any case, the book's engaging. Ages 3-6.

Tell Me a Mitzi. *By Lore Segal. Illustrated by Harriet Pincus. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 42 pp.* $4.95. This is possibly one of the funniest books in print. The illustrations are deft and hilarious, the writing bland and ingenuous. There are three stories about Mitzi and her family, each prefaced by a small girl pleading, "Tell me a Mitzi," which one of her parents does—after some inept stalling. Mitzi tries to take her baby brother Jacob in a taxi to their grandparents' home; the whole family succumbs to the common cold; Mitzi, Jacob, and their long-suffering father see a parade, which is halted by the uncompromising Jacob, who receives chewing gum from the President. Adults should read the book to themselves first, so they won't break up while reading it to the children. Ages 3-7.

—From "Bobo's Dream"

Catfish. *By Edith Hurd. Illustrated by Clement Hurd. Viking. 61 pp.* $3.50. Catfish lived with a man called Mush Mouth, who gave him a tricycle when he was just a kitten. The tricycle was wrecked. Then Catfish received a bicycle: again, disaster. Christmas came, and with it a motorcycle, which was taken away from him. By this time Catfish had made an enemy of everybody in town. But our hero showed his mettle when he zoomed after some bank robbers in the bank president's car, and the story ends with a beaming Catfish and a bright red racing car. The illustrations are scrawly and full of life, with plenty of humorous details. Fluffy nonsense, but the roster of vehicles should appeal. Ages 4-7.

No Flying in the House. *By Betty Brock. Illustrated by Wallace Tripp. Harper & Row. 139 pp.* $3.95. "Incredible!" said the wealthy dowager Mrs. Vancourt. "A talking dog!" Not only did Gloria talk; she was only three inches high, and she refused to live with Mrs. Vancourt and do acrobatic tricks unless Annabel was accepted as a member of the household. Three-year-old Annabel's conversation is that of a much older child, but it seems

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that she is part fairy. With delight, she learns to fly, only to find that Gloria is distressed. The ending is a bit disappointing. Annabel's mother (fairy) and father (human) appear, Mrs. Vancourt proves to be Annabel's grandmother, and Gloria returns to fairyland. The story moves with sprightly pace, and the mixture of realistic setting and fanciful events is deft. Ages 7-9.

Boy of Nepal. *By Peter and Elaine Larsen. Illustrated with photographs by Peter Larsen. Dodd, Mead.* 64 *pp.* $3.50. It has been only twenty years since Nepal was opened to tourists, so this book has the double advantage of fresh material and an exotic setting. The format is a popular one: a boy describes his family and community, while photographs and comparatively brief captions cover school, holidays, folk customs, etc. There are a few pictures that seem posed, but the splendid scenery, interesting architecture and religious art, and the cheerful, handsome people add a vigorous visual appeal to Vishnu's report on Kathmandu life. Ages 8-10.

Me and Arch and the Pest. *By John Durham. Illustrated by Ingrid Fetz. Four Winds Press.* 96 *pp.* $4.50. Where Bit lives, almost in Watts but not quite, most of the residents are black, which is fine with Bit but not with his mother. " . . . she's nice, most of the time. It's just that she don't like the colored. You know. Hell, she grew up in Georgia. What you gonna do with a lady grew up in Georgia? Can't tell her nothin'." Bit accepts his buddy Arch as he is: coffee-colored, fun to be with, a friend to depend on. The boys acquire a dog whom they call "Pest," work in a pet shop to support him, and in a wild adventure they rescue him and some other dogs when they are stolen from the shop by a gang of dognappers. The book has action and humor, but it is the easy candor of the boys' relationship—evident in dialogue, echoed in illustrations—that gives the story a distinct charm. Ages 8-10.

Princess of the Full Moon. *Written and illustrated by Frederic Guirma. Translated by John Garrett. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $4.95. Born in Ouagadougou, a village in what is now the Upper Volta, Frederic Guirma heard this old tale as a child and later wrote it down in French. Many elements of the story are familiar in European folklore: the king's proud daughter, the humble suitor she spurns, the war of good against evil, the redemptive power of love —with a little magic thrown in—and, of course, the bewitched hero who ultimately resumes his own shape. The illustrations are not polished, but they are effective: the faces appear in solid black silhouette, contrasting with the reds and yellows of clothing and ornaments. Ages 9-11.

The Half Sisters. *By Natalie Savage Carlson. Illustrated by Thomas di Grazia. Harper & Row.* 163 *pp.* $3.95. Luvvy was going to be twelve in July. Maybe, she thought, the Girls would then accept her as one of them, instead of lumping her with the Children. The Girls were her beloved half-sisters, so grown up that they had been away to convent school. Luvvy wanted to go back with them, after the summer, but Papa said she was too young. This is the story of that summer, set in the Maryland countryside in 1915. The sustaining theme, Luvvy's ambition to prove herself, is developed with delicate balance and gentle humor. A high-water mark, both as a family story and as a period piece. Ages 9-11.

—From "Boy of Nepal"

Sheriff Stonehead and the Teenage Termites. *By Jerome Beatty. Illustrated by Gene Holtan. Scott.* 222 *pp.* $3.95. Broad comedy can be dreadful or delightful. The antics of teenagers and adults in a small town are delightfully lampooned by Jerome Beatty in a not-to-be-believed story of law and disorder. Plagued by the practical jokes of Finley Farmer, the adults of Muffton determine to trap him and his Termite Gang. Sheriff Stonehead, who is learning to improve his work through a correspondence course, pronounces: "You people don't understand law inforcement, that's all Ah kin say. To track down the criminal, you gotta find out his modus operandi. . . ." The book is a romp, the dialogue ridiculous, the plot a bit stretched but vigorous. Ages 10-12.

Once in a Lifetime. *By Lev Kassil. Translated from the Russian by Anne Terry White. Doubleday.* 187 *pp.* $3.95. Sima, at thirteen, confides to her diary that she is a failure, a plain girl to whom nothing has ever happened. She lives in an ordinary Moscow apartment, goes to school, is teased by a dreadful boy. But Sima happens to look like a portrait of Oostya the Partisan, a serf girl who helped in the defeat of Napoleon, and the movie director who has been searching for a child actress to play her gives the role to Sima. The historical material introduced via descriptions of the movie is interesting, and the filming sequences have a technical fascination. The story line is strong and the ending both poignant and realistic. The book has good characterization, setting, and atmosphere, and the translation is competent. Ages 11-13.

African Success Story: The Ivory Coast. *By Marc and Evelyne Bernheim. Illustrated with photographs. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.* 96 *pp.* $4.95. To Félix Houphouet-Boigny, President of the Ivory Coast, belongs much of the credit for that country's present stability and prosperity. Biding his time, the doctor-turned-statesman asked for the colony's independence from France only when it was able to sustain its own economy, and today the Ivory Coast is a refuge for other Africans whose nations are in economic or political distress. The historical material is adequate, the style succinct, and the tone objective.

The second half of the book describes some of the patterns of living in the Ivory Coast today. The photographs are handsome and informative, though occasionally a double-page spread interrupts the text abruptly. Ages 11-14.

Never to Be Free. *By Josef Grund. Translated from the German by Lucile Harrington. Little, Brown.* 202 *pp.* $4.95. "These children will learn nothing except to think German," Hitler said. After their years in the Hitler Youth Organization, the Home Defense Squad, or the Storm Troop, "they will never be free again for their whole lives."

Gustav admits that he is proud to be taken into the army at the age of sixteen. But he learns that the leaders are not all heroes, and the cynicism and futility of war is a bitter lesson which he resolves to teach those who are younger. The theme and the message emerge with conviction from the protagonist's experiences as he develops from ardent fighter to disillusioned veteran. The characters are not manipulated: what happens to them seems inevitable. Ages 12-15.

Black Out Loud: An Anthology of Modern Poems by Black Americans. *Edited by Arnold Adoff. Illustrated by Alvin Hollingsworth. Macmillan.* 86 *pp.* $4.95. Striking illustrations in black-and-white and a spacious format add strength and dignity to a fine collection of poems grouped by subject: being black, the black poet, slain leaders, etc. Some selections are by well-known poets, others by new younger writers. The outstanding quality of the anthology is its fierce integrity, expressed in various styles, forms, and moods. Ages 12 up.

My World Line: An Informal Autobiography. *By George Gamow. Viking.* 178 *pp.* $5.95. The late George Gamow was one of the great scientists of our time, a writer skilled in interpreting physical and biological complexities to the layman, and an unadulterated pixie. Small wonder that his autobiography is a joy. It is permeated with good humor and wit, liberally sprinkled with anecdotes about eminent men, candid but never caustic, and lucid in discussing scientific theories and discoveries. Born and educated in Russia, Gamow and his wife attempted in 1932 a dramatic escape via the Black Sea, recounted in a chapter called "The Crimean Campaign." It failed, but later a combination of circumstances enabled them to come to the United States. For young adults.

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THE PARK

by Philippe Sollers, translated from the French by A. M. Sheridan Smith

Red Dust, 96 pp., $4.25; paperback, $1.95

Reviewed by Tom Bishop

■ Over the course of the past decade, Philippe Sollers, now thirty-four years old, has become a major figure in French literary circles. Surprisingly, until the present translation of *The Park*, issued by the enterprising new publishing house Red Dust, Sollers was totally unknown in the United States. As editor of the avant-garde review *Tel Quel*, he heads a group of particularly talented young writers predominantly concerned with new perspectives of criticism. Along with critics such as Roland Barthes, Lucien Goldmann, Michel Foucault, Serge Doubrovsky, and Georges Poulet, Sollers has helped shape current French criticism into a stimulating, creative form of literary expression.

Philippe Sollers was just past twenty-one when his first novel, *Une curieuse solitude* (*A Strange Solitude*), earned him considerable renown as a precocious writer in a classic vein with keen psychological insight and a fine sense of poetry. But with *The Park* (which won the coveted Prix Médicis in 1961) and his more recent novels *Drame* (*Drama*) in 1965 and *Nombres* (*Numbers*) in 1968, Sollers turned to a much more innovative concept of fiction that has established him as one of the most original novelists in contemporary France.

The Park is not easy; it requires of its readers very careful attention to the author's often labyrinthine narrative and a willingness to accept an apparently plotless work. Accordingly, Sollers has failed to reach a broad public, but has been acclaimed by serious commentators on French letters, ranging from the old conservative François Mauriac to today's vanguard.

The principal reward for the patient and willing reader lies in the brilliance of style, beautifully preserved in A. M. Sheridan Smith's translation. Not that *The Park* is some kind of exercise in stylistic showmanship. It is rather a difficult stylistic convention, which becomes both the fabric and the texture of the work, at once *what* Sollers writes and how he writes it. Three pronouns provide the coordinates to orient us along the way (one cannot really speak of characters): *I* is the narrator, observing from his window and his balcony, writing what he observes and *that* he observes, writing that he is writing, imagining and writing that and what he is imagining. *She* is a woman across the street observed by *I*, perhaps a love remembered, anticipated, or dreamed. *He* is a friend who died in a war, perhaps the woman's lover. *I* and *He* at times fuse into the same person: the person thinking and the person thought; a child is evoked as a past extension both of *I* and *He*.

There is no denying that this scheme leads to confusion, but the appeal of Soller's book does not lie in who is who or who did what. The author labeled *The Park* "a novelistic poem," and in fact we can approach it best as poetry —dreamlike, nonrational, following its own imperatives. Viewed from this vantage point, *The Park* is a remarkable feast of subjective imagination, progressing by analogy, by recurrent though ever-shifting themes, and by a lyric *élan* rare among contemporary writers.

The role normally played by the main character is assumed by an orange exercise book in which the narrator writes his observations and his dreams. Or does he only imagine writing? The notebook, which is at once the work to be written and the work we are reading, is at times full of notations in the narrator's handwriting, while at others it appears mostly as white space to be used, a challenge to the artist, much like Mallarmé's obsession with the blank page. Thus, like so many important modern French books, *The Park* is also the novel of the writing of the novel, a self-concious work in the literal sense of the word. But Sollers becomes excessively involuted in depicting his narrator's relationship to the exercise book and its contents. He abuses the device of parentheses instead of experimenting with typography and layout to denote more clearly the varying levels of consciousness.

The epigraph of the novel is a definition of "park" taken from Jean-Jacques Rousseau: "A composite of very beautiful and very picturesque spots selected for their appearance from different areas and where everything appears natural except their combination."

What Sollers seeks is precisely that bringing together of striking but disparate elements to create the poetic beauty of strangeness. His quest is more intellectualized and less spontaneous than the surrealist esthetic, but it is akin to the basic nature of the surrealist image as a meeting ground of opposites.

The Park is both more than an experimental novel and less than a totally successful one. For many American readers, however, it will be a revelation of an exciting new French literary personality from whom much can be expected.

"Certainly, we can get out of Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia, Madam! After all, we got out of Tripoli, the Philippines, Cuba, out of France twice, Mexico, Nicaragua, Japan, the Dominican Republic, Lebanon, and the New York City Post Office."

Tom Bishop, a professor at New York University, specializes in the contemporary French novel and theater.

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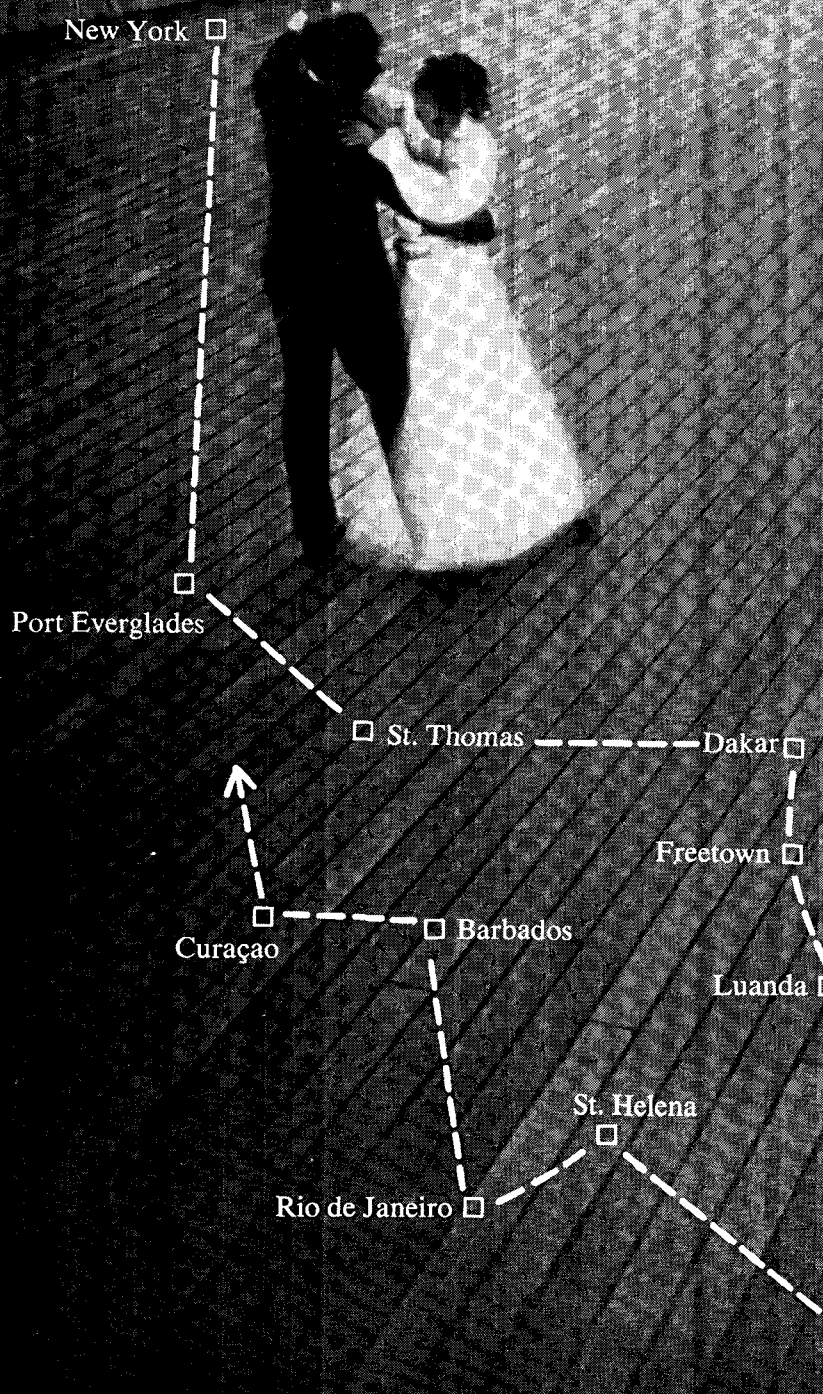

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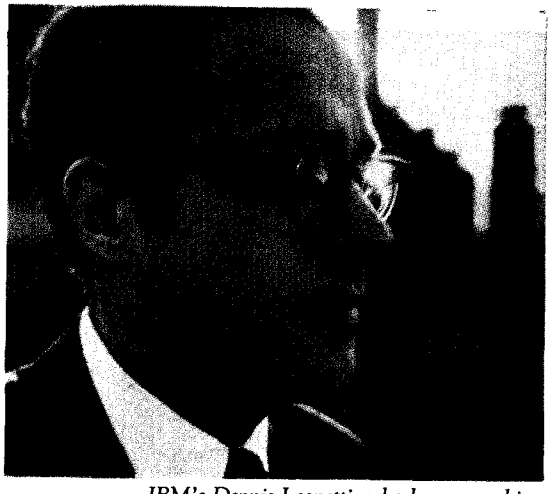
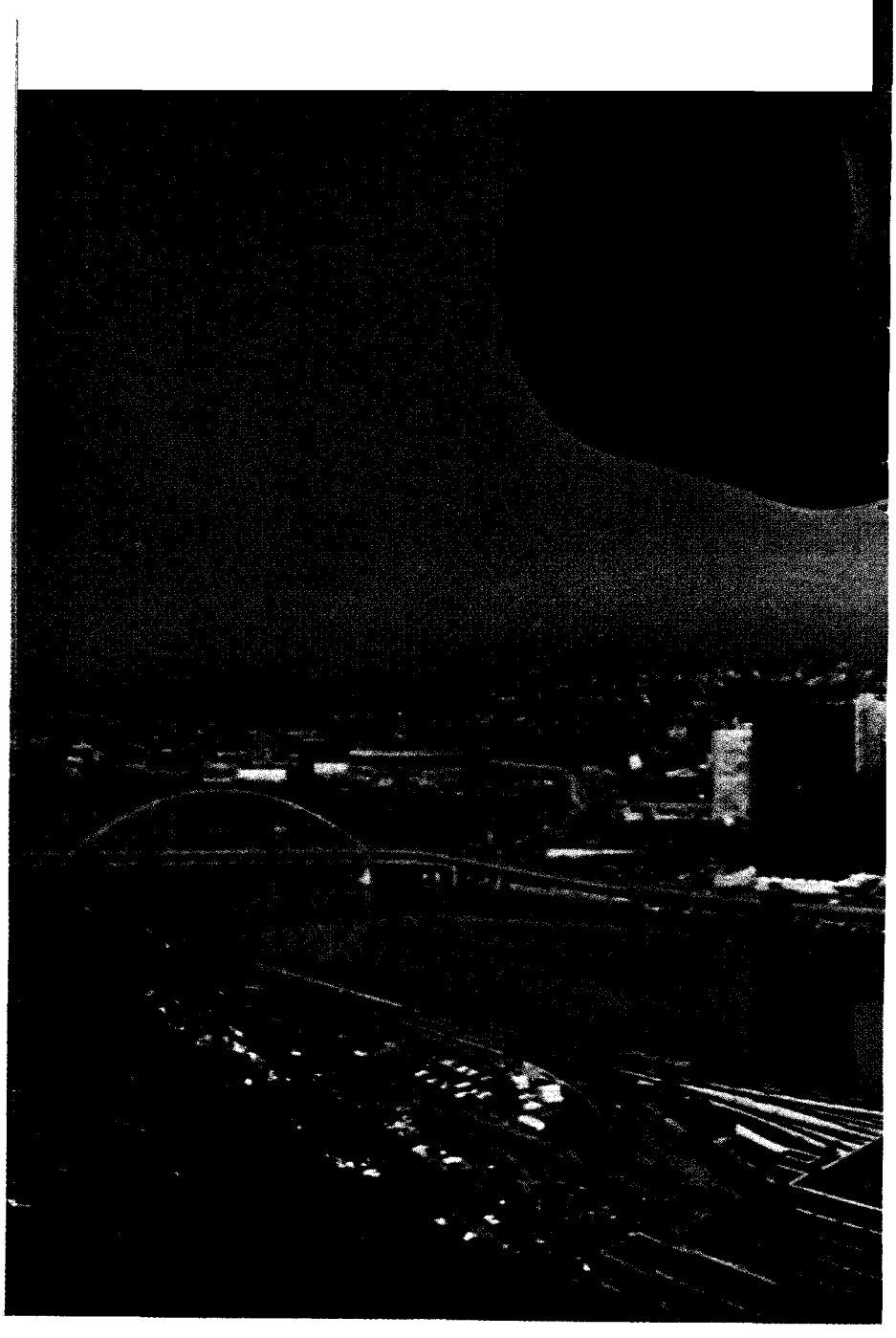


IBM's Dennis Leonetti, who began working on Allegheny County's long-standing air-pollution project in 1967, at the site of a planned sensing station.



They're keeping an eye on unseen pollutants in a city's air.

Once a 3-white-shirt-a-day city, Pittsburgh did a remarkable job of cleaning up its visible air pollution. But how do you fight the stuff you can't see? Dennis Leonetti's story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.

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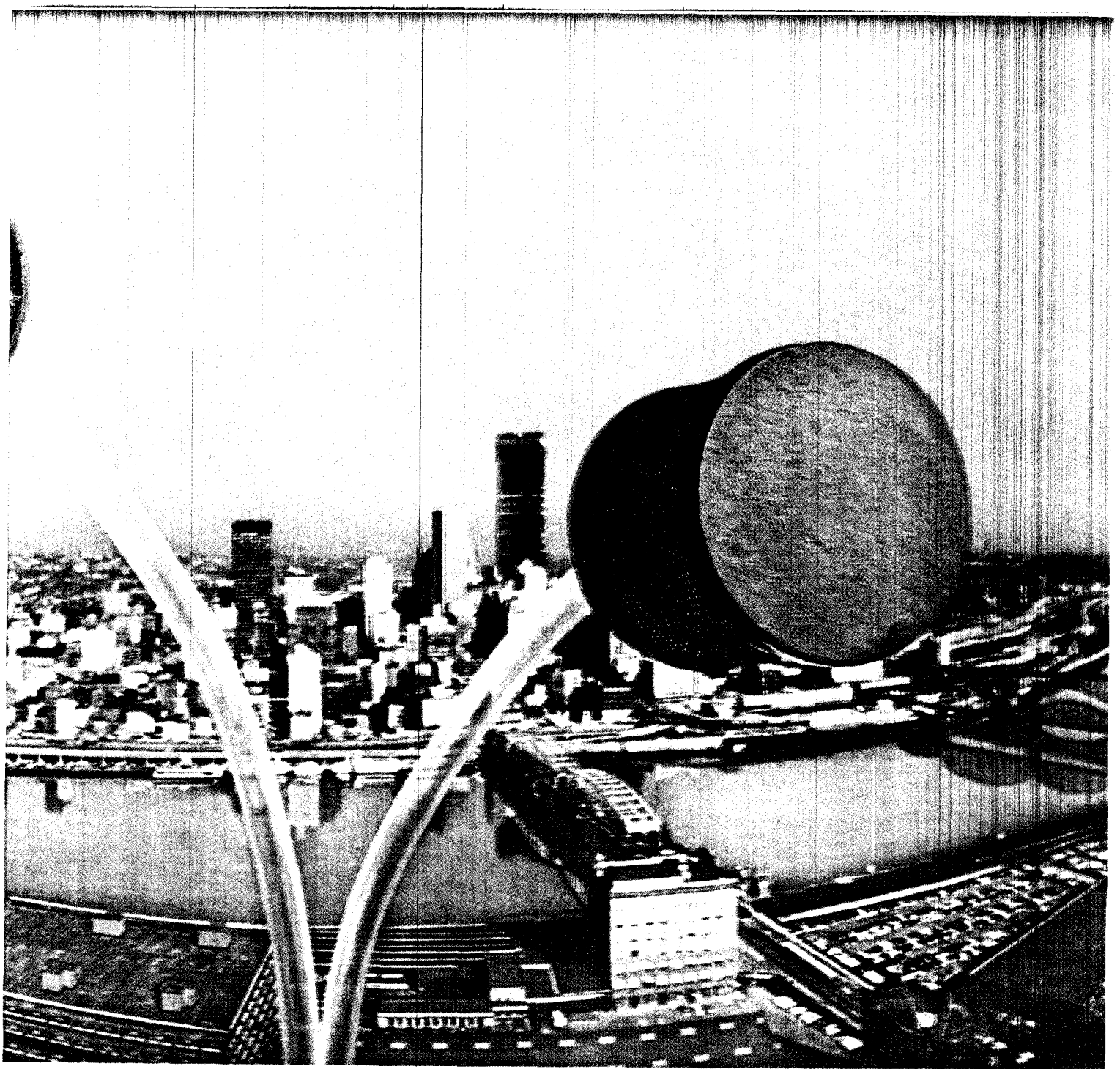

"Air taken in through 'sniffers' like these is continuously analyzed for pollutants. Readings are then fed into a central computer."

"There were days when Pittsburgh was dark by noon. And some people wore three shirts a day," reflects Dennis Leonetti, IBM Marketing Representative to the Allegheny County Bureau of Air Pollution Control.

"They really did a remarkable job of cleaning up the visible pollution. As far back as 1962, a U. S. Public Health Service study, covering thirteen cities, showed that Pittsburgh had less 'dust' than eleven of them. Only Salt Lake City had clearer air.

"But the most difficult part of the job is still ahead.

"What we're after now are the pollutants you can't see. Carbon monoxide. Sulphur dioxide. And what's called fine particulate, the stuff that stays suspended in the air.

"By this summer, the County will have seven sensing stations with 52 sensors. The final plan calls for seventeen stations with 103 sensors.

"These 'sniffers' take continuous readings of pollutant levels, which, along with weather data, are fed into the computer over telephone lines.

"Readings are printed out every five minutes. But when a pollutant exceeds a specified level, the printout appears in red and the computer automatically requests new readings every fifteen seconds.

"A system like this can pinpoint excess pollutants and their sources. And give pollution authorities an opportunity to take appropriate action.

"What's more, we'll eventually be able to use it as an early warning system—spotting dangerous conditions *before* critical pollution levels are reached.

"Nobody's looking for any awards yet. We haven't eliminated air pollution. But what we're doing will help here. And, we hope, in other cities as well."

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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

Round-Trip to New Zealand

Black-and-white winner:

Round-Trip to Paris

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 2, 1971, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review.*

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Ken Heyman—Photographer, author and world traveler.

Grace M. Mayer—Curator, Edward J. Steichen Archive, Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1970.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1969, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 12 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white **or** one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1970, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 2, 1971. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1970 Saturday Review **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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ARTHUR MILLER:
Portrait of a Playwright

by Benjamin Nelson

McKay, 336 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Tom F. Driver

■ In 1968, when my daughter was twelve years old and stagestruck, I took her to see Arthur Miller's play *The Price*. When the final curtain went down I asked, "What did you think of it?"

"Well," she answered, "you know that one character was very funny. But as for the rest, they explained everything so many times I didn't understand it any more."

I thought of that other one-line review of a Miller play, delivered by the man who left *Death of a Salesman* muttering, "I always knew New England was a lousy territory."

Both these comments apply, in a way, to Benjamin Nelson's *Arthur Miller: Portrait of a Playwright*. The book explains everything so many times I am not sure I understand it any more; and the moral is that Arthur Miller, at least in the way Nelson conceives him, is a bad territory.

Miller set out to expose conscience —to show its signal failures and occasional successes, the latter highlighting the former. Joe Keller and his son Chris, Willy Loman and his two sons, John Proctor, Eddie Carbone, Quentin, Victor, and Walter Franz are all people of flawed conscience; only John Proctor rises to heroism. It is Miller's serious, not to say ponderous, examination of conscience that Benjamin Nelson concerns himself with through most of his book. He takes it at face value and, with a few exceptions, admires the achievement greatly. I had hoped to be won over, but I am not.

Meanwhile, Arthur Miller's real achievement has been slighted. He operates with ideals instead of ideas, and his agony is that of an idealist disappointed. The dramatic result is pathos; but it is pathos which, unlike that of Chekhov, for instance, has spoiled itself by hoping to be tragedy.

What, then, can account for Miller's stature as a dramatist? Benjamin Nelson recalls the playwright's description of the moment when Lee J. Cobb became Willy Loman:

> For the first ten days of rehearsals Cobb merely sat on the stage "like a great lump, a sick seal, a mourning walrus," while the rest of the cast acclimated themselves to the play. As the days flew by, a gradual wave of uncertainty began to mount. Director Elia Kazan and the playwright anxiously watched their star, pretending not to be worried, but secretly wondering if their choice was to prove disastrous. Then, one afternoon, in the musty rehearsal hall, Cobb simply rose from his chair, shuffled over to Mildred Dunnock, and began his opening lines . . . .
>
> "And the theater vanished," Miller exclaimed. "The stage vanished. The chill of an age-old recognition shuddered my spine; a voice was sounding in the dimly lit air up front, a created spirit, an incarnation, a Godlike creation was taking place . . . ."

I suggest that what makes *Death of a Salesman* is not the character of Willy Loman (which Nelson has the mistaken temerity to compare to that of King Lear). Nor is it Willy's pitiful story. It is not even that image of Brooklyn where trees give way to concrete. Rather, it is the way all these serve to provide the actor with grist for his mill. If one looks back on Miller's stage and screen career, he will find, I think, that the performances comprise its substance—Edward G. Robinson in the screen version of *All My Sons*, Cobb and Dunnock in *Death of a Salesman*, Arthur Kennedy and E. G. Marshall in *The Crucible*, Harold Gray in *The Price*. These provided the pomp, Miller the circumstance. And that is what the excitement was all about.

According to Benjamin Nelson, this is not so. Yet too many times Nelson's defense of Miller's writing has to engage in special pleading. For instance, he says: "The dialogue of *All My Sons* is often intentionally banal, not only to suit the characters, but to illustrate the intense difficulty of meaningful communication."

This is a false argument. If dialogue is *intentionally* banal, and if this is "not only to suit the characters," then it cannot show that communication is

difficult, only that it has been made to appear more difficult than it is. Miller's effects are often rigged, which is harmful to his dramaturgy but not necessarily an impediment to his actors.

The best parts of Nelson's book are those that go behind the scenes: descriptions of Miller's boyhood in Brooklyn and student days in Ann Arbor, his method of composition, his trials with the New York City Youth Board and the House Un-American Activities Committee. Good also is the account of his marriage to Marilyn Monroe, although we are still in the dark about what Miller and Monroe meant to each other and, thus, why their mutual disappointment should have been so bitter. One could wish also for more light on Miller's attitude to communism, early and late.

But the main topic that should have been addressed is Miller's theatricality, how it worked and how it belonged to and often transcended the style of its period. The plays will survive, I think, as a challenge to a certain kind of acting, as the achievement of a man of the theater, and not as literary works or expressions of social ideas.

Tom F. Driver is the author of "Romantic Quest and Modern Query: A History of the Modern Theater."

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

INFLATION

Each of these fictional characters would be affected by the rising costs of one of the services or goods listed at the right. Jo Ann West of Cheverly, Md., asks you to connect each character with his problem. For credit ratings, see page 56.

1. archy ( )
2. Bottom ( )
3. Hans Castorp ( )
4. Phileas Fogg ( )
5. Gulley Jimson ( )
6. Lopakhin ( )
7. Trilby O'Ferrall ( )
8. Piggy ( )
9. Rapunzel ( )
10. Frank Skeffington ( )
11. Sheridan Whiteside ( )
12. Laura Wingfield ( )

A. building construction
B. campaigns (political)
C. eyeglasses
D. glass animals
E. hair combs
F. orthopedic care
G. paints and brushes
H. sanitarium care
I. singing lessons
J. transportation
K. typewriter ribbons
L. yarn

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When someone somewhere cares, someone somewhere survives

Psychic Survival

Continued from page 24

other room for this, where there's more space. I would like everybody to think about where they stand in terms of assertiveness and submissiveness . . ."; "What I'm going to do now is undress, and I want everybody else to undress also. . . ." Ultimately the leader's role is a question of style—people often accused Fritz Perl's of being manipulative; nevertheless, he got results. But whereas Shepard's style may be effective in his office, in book form it becomes monotonous and obtrusive; *Marathon 16* often sounds like a contest in self-assertion. Mann creates obvious stereotypes with no depth at all, yet only a few of Shepard's quite genuine people are strong enough to come to life on the printed page—the odds are against them. (It should be noted, however, that, as participants in marathons often do, they all seem to love each other at the end.)

The market will probably bear many more books like *Encounter* and *Marathon 16*, for even the latter, despite its faults and its over-all monotonousness, is absorbing to read. There is, after all, a huge public for "true life confessions," and titles like these are only a more sophisticated version. Readers can even play the private game of deciding which marathons they liked best. The only danger is that once these books have served their basic educational purpose by illustrating the general principles of encounter groups, they will survive as little more than peepshows. The result, a real threat within the human potential movement itself, could easily be a growing imperviousness to intimacy, the exact opposite of what the movement's adherents hope to achieve.

Encounter and *Marathon 16* also raise questions about the appropriateness of presenting encounter groups in book form at all. The best medium to communicate a true sense of what groups are about, it would seem, is film. Indeed, several films of groups have already been made at Esalen, and are readily available. Esalen has also produced a number of tape recordings of groups (a radio station in Philadelphia even broadcasts groups live), and while these cannot be as vivid as filmed groups, which, in turn, would suffer in comparison with the real thing, they are probably better able than books to capture the feel of the phenomenon. In book form encounter groups, even more than playscripts, are merely a map of the territory.

Turning to an examination of *Body Language*, by Julius Fast, after the *sturm und drang* of three books that

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attempt to convey the emotional impact of the human potential movement in depth, is roughly akin to following a full performance of Wagner's Ring cycle with a rendition of "Frère Jacques." *Body Language* is a simple, and somewhat simple-minded, little book about the relatively new science of kinesics, the study of behavioral patterns of nonverbal communication. Kinesics, which recently rated a cover story in *The New York Times Magazine*, is an important part of the human potential movement. But after reading *Body Language* one can only wonder what all the fuss is about.

Although he pays far too much homage to other people's studies and published papers, Fast does make some interesting points about the ways in which people's bodies communicate their feelings and needs. For instance, he talks about the human "territorial imperative" and cites experiments that show how often people subconsciously defend their own particular spheres. He also introduces yet another new science: "proxemics," the study of zones of territory and how we use them. Some readers will find entertaining Fast's numerous anecdotal case studies: for example, of Annie, who is a masochist, and her husband Ralph, a sadist, whose "delicate torture" consists solely in the "careful manipulation of his mask, by timing his body language," *i.e.*, by not smiling at the dinner table until poor Annie is ready to "die a thousand deaths." Fast has a ludicrous chapter about how a sexy stud named Mike uses his body language to "score" that ought to be reprinted in *Playboy* ("If you throw your quarry off balance . . . moving in for the kill becomes relatively easy."). In another chapter, entitled "Winking, Blinking, and Nods," the author discusses at length the various communicative powers of the eyes. And he even explains a newly invented body language "alphabet," which enables kinesicists to make a written record of body language in detail. They are welcome to it.

Fast's book is actually a crash course in sensitivity, and some people can probably benefit from reading it. Where else can one zero in on the real meaning of why Billy Graham points upwards when he talks about heaven and downwards when he talks about hell?

There will always be room in America for a good gimmick. But if we buy the myth of instant sensitivity and instant fulfillment of human potential, we'll only get what we deserve.

SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Up the Rebels

KAFKA-LIKE, *The Revolutionary* purports to take place in an unnamed city in some unnamed country; unlike Kafka, the events are all too prosaic, the style pedestrian. The film is based on Hans Konigsberger's novel, which appeared some years back, and what was hypothetical then is painful reality now. The film thus has the look of simply reflecting and abstracting some typical events: student dissent, faculty obtuseness, meetings, activism, symbolic violence. Undoubtedly, the attempt was to universalize the conditions and the types, but this becomes rather laughable when we can clearly recognize the English settings, in the midst of which the police wear uniforms rented from an establishment presumably specializing in comic-opera uniforms.

Nevertheless, there is a core of strength in the film, and it comes almost solely from Jon Voight, who plays a student radical simply called "A" (while most everyone else has a name), which makes him rather absurdly recognizable and almost poignantly appealing. Voight, thereby, casts aside the flamboyant Joe Buck he made so memorable in *Midnight Cowboy*, and, remarkable actor that he is, comes up with another striking portrait. This time he is a lumbering, knobby-kneed, nearsighted intellectual whose instincts are gentle, but who sees society as in need of radical change. Eventually, his absorption of theory and his romanticized impulses lead him toward an act of cold-blooded violence. At which point, neither Mr. Konigsberger's script nor the direction of Paul Williams is able to give us any other than a lady-or-the-tiger sort of conclusion—by its very nature a cliché, but also indicative of the uncertainty of the makers about what they are trying to tell us and show us.

The vague, unformed quality extends to the physical production, which was obviously handicapped by a sparse budget. Although Voight is fine, the important role of his upper-class girl friend is played by the seemingly unschooled Jennifer Salt. Seymour Cassel is flashy as a violent Marxist, but most of the other actors merely go through the motions. On the more positive side is the fact that the film doesn't pander (as have other recent films on student unrest and activism) to the preconceptions and misconceptions of that so-called youth audience.

How much more finely wrought—and not only by comparison—is *The Virgin and the Gypsy*, based on the last work of D. H. Lawrence. Here rebelliousness, rather than rebellion, is the theme, and, specifically, the revolt is against convention, hypocrisy, and not so much the social order as the social niceties. The virgin of the title is a North England girl who returns to her rectory home fresh from a French finishing school. The first, faint stirrings of sexual needs are making her uneasy. Upon which, enters the gypsy. The darkly brooding, elemental, and handsome fellow knows a girl in heat when he sees one, and he unleashes her sexual force, but only after a dam breaks and the resultant flood chases them to her bedroom.

All this could have been much too heavily symbolic, but so richly caught is the repressive atmosphere, so precisely imprisoned in their narrow outlooks are the family members, that the Lawrence quality comes through clearly, gracefully, and tellingly. The script was written by Alan Slater, who obviously approached his task with love and respect. The director, Christopher Miles, is new and young. He comes from an acting family, and the acting throughout the film is exemplary. Joanna Shimkus gives the girl a youthful tremulousness and a spunky early-Twenties bravado. Franco Nero is appropriately glum and forceful as the gypsy. And quite marvelous as a free-loving couple, scandalizing the community, are Honor Blackman and Mark Burns. And even though that dam breaks at the coincidentally climactic moment, such, after all, was Lawrence's invention, and the film remains delicately true to him to the end.

A milder, quirkier film, but one that builds up considerable charm is *Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx*. Quackser is a young Dubliner who collects horse dung for a living. Right off, we know it's a fable, and sure enough, the milk trucks replace their horse-drawn power with engines, and Quackser loses his livelihood. But not before he encounters an American girl studying in Dublin who first regards him as local color, and then beneficently grants him some temporary favors. None of this yarn is too believable, but Gene Wilder is amusing and likable as Quackser, and Margot Kidder is a dream of a girl. Waris Hussein is the director, and he has mixed the bubbly nonsense with sheer old-fashioned pathos.

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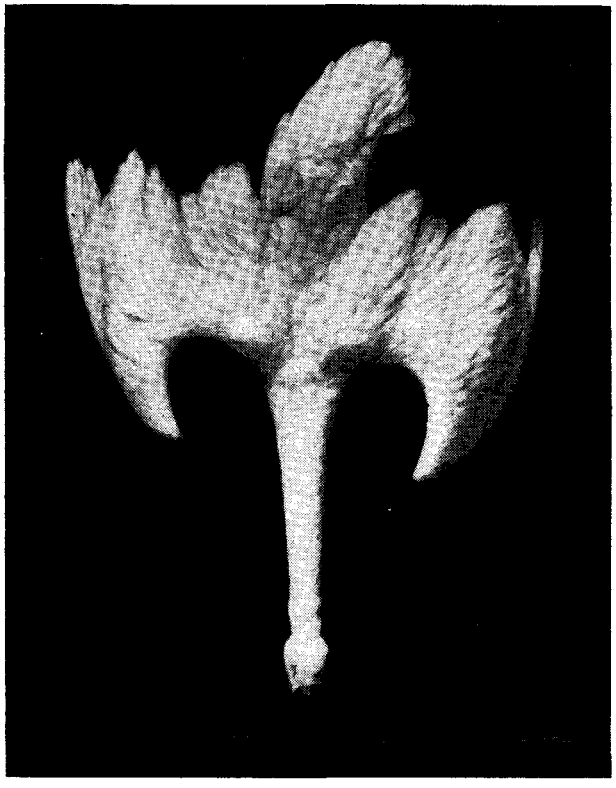
The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh



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"The Trumpeter Swan," by Alexander Pope

The Blithe Deceivers

WHY SO MANY American artists devoted themselves to *trompe l'oeil* ("fool the eye") painting toward the end of the nineteenth century has always puzzled me. There are, I suppose, plausible reasons, but none is persuasive enough to explain the persistence of this movement well into the early years of our own century. What triggered the yearning for optical deception, and what kept it alive so long?

An engrossing exhibition called "The Reality of Appearance: The Trompe L'Oeil Tradition in American Painting" was selected by Alfred Frankenstein, an acknowledged authority in this field. The show, which opened at the National Gallery in Washington, was seen recently at the Whitney in New York and has now moved to California, where it was originally organized by the University Art Museum of Berkeley. Later it will travel to Detroit, thus giving a wide slice of the country an opportunity to see an exhibit that is provocative on several levels, especially for its overall excellence, although one might have wished for fewer Harnetts. This artist loses some of his allure when overexposed, for he tends to repeat himself shamelessly. But then many of his colleagues undoubtedly did likewise. Only they were less prolific, or perhaps less of their work remains. Although two-thirds of Harnett's canvases have disappeared, what endures is a remarkable legacy. To have produced such a wealth of scrupulously detailed paintings during an eighteen-year career is a tour de force in itself.

Each artist in the group seems to have hit on a special theme that he exploited in depth. Richard LaBarre Goodwin painted innumerable hunting-cabin doors; John Frederick Peto alternated between such neglected objects as dusty books or frayed letters, the latter usually attached to the wall under taped racks; John Haberle went in for compositions that fooled the eye with paintings of paintings and with paper money any forger would respect. The only woman in the show and the only habitual water-colorist, Claude Raguet Hirst, devoted herself to meticulous representations of messy table tops covered with old books, pipes, ashes, and matches, a repertory she borrowed from William Harnett, whose studio was next to hers.

For that matter, all these artists owed something to Harnett. Even though he frequently repeated himself, he was the most vigorous, the most varied, and the most authoritative member of the group, and no doubt one of the prime stimuli that perpetuated the *trompe l'oeil* tradition in nineteenth-century America. During its heyday, the movement was enormously popular; so too was Harnett, who masterminded much of it. He could turn out impressive large canvases or fastidious miniatures. He was sober, organized, and technically more than proficient; yet, when he tried his hand at the human figure or face, his élan dried up. Almost every subject the other still-life painters tackled, he had introduced earlier: Goodwin's dead game and hunter's paraphernalia, Haberle's American currency, Hirst's table tops, Peto's secondhand books and racks of old letters.

Most of these themes originated earlier in Europe. The table tops recall seventeenth-century Dutch Little Masters, and, of course, the hunting still life with dead animals was long a favorite decorative device abroad, but the idea of conscientiously simulated currency and taped letter racks was more indigenous. And even more indigenous were the methods used by the Americans. Dry, cool, unsensuous, their tight textures—except for those of Peto and occasionally Alexander Pope—were a far cry from the painterly pigment of their European forerunners. Peto, more than any artist in the group, went in for warm, soft, almost velvety surfaces suffused with chiaroscuro. He was a lyricist able to compromise with detail in order to achieve structural designs that seemed spontaneous but in fact were carefully organized. His paintings were nostalgic comments on the mystique of simple beat-up objects. As for Pope, one of the outstanding canvases in the show is his "Trumpeter Swan," a magnificent dead bird spread out and hanging head down against a geometric door. White feathers painted with tender attention highlight a brilliant design. This lesser artist produced a veritable masterpiece, a work that went beyond the quaint, the Victorian, and the specific. So also did Harnett's "Golden Horseshoe." A few nails and nail holes in weathered wood, a slip of paper, and a curved metal form add up to more than merely a charming bit of Americana. The small painting has both monumentality and silence. Somehow it manages to convey a sense of serene secrecy, the horseshoe taking on the quality of a totemic symbol.

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—Collection Kennedy Galleries

"A Deception," by Raphaelle Peale

Perhaps I am reading too much into these domesticated works. It could be that familiarity with Surrealism, where *trompe l'oeil* played such a crucial role, has influenced me. And, indeed, is it because of Surrealism that we have rediscovered and elevated to prominence and high prices a school relatively neglected during much of the present century? For the same reason we are perhaps reassessing baroque sculpture and delighting in its nonfunctional marble carvings of rich velvet and filmy lace along with its mad *trompe l'oeil* figures sprawling over balustrades and swarming across ceilings. We see with new eyes because new artists have reintroduced us to old ideas.

This thought was uppermost when I went through the show at the Whitney. I was amazed how much Raphaelle Peale's painting "A Deception," done around 1802 (and surely the father of all later rack compositions), reminded me of Kurt Schwitters's collages. Obviously, there is no direct connection, but well over one hundred years earlier than the European, the American had realized the evocative power of stray papers, tickets, newsprint, stamps, and bills. Technically, the works of the two artists are at opposite ends of the spectrum. Schwitters relied on the real, the tangible, and made it look fabricated; Peale made the painted object look real. In the end, they pursued the same goal. They fooled the eye and mystified the viewer with the magic of discarded trash. Their experiments raise the age-old question: What *is* realism in art? Is it a simulation so faithful as to appear real, or is it a tangible manifestation so agilely juxtaposed as to appear a simulation? The truth is: Realism in art does not exist.

Mr. Frankenstein points out in his fine catalogue that many *trompe l'oeil* American painters were legitimate ancestors of those modern Pop artists who intermixed actual objects with painted and sculpted prototypes so that method and meaning overlapped. Both schools were attracted by folk art and by the phenomenon of cumulative repetition. Haberle's "Fresh Roasted," an amusing small painting of 1877 featuring a bin of peanuts seen through a broken glass lid, somehow reminded me of a courtyard strewn with real rubber tires that I saw several years ago at the Martha Jackson Gallery. Conceived by Allan Kaplow, a leading innovator in the field of Happenings, the carelessly abandoned tires carried the same message as Peto's dusty books and Haberle's torn currency. Even in the nineteenth century, America's casual attitude toward obsolescence was an important theme. The Pop and *trompe l'oeil* artists were concerned with mundane objects as esthetic experiences. Each used the vernacular with gusto. The bathrobes of Jim Dine and the socks of S. E. Harlow (a little-known *trompe l'oeil* painter) have much in common.

Artists of both schools often worked tongue in cheek. The humor that made nineteenth-century American still life especially beguiling came from native roots. Such a canvas as Rubens Peale's "Magpie Eating Cake" is soberly painted, but waggish nonetheless. Humor pops out everywhere in Pope's "Do Not Feed," a picture of dogs, a rooster, rabbits, and monkeys locked up behind chicken wire in a crate marked "Boston, Mass." The deception is all the more engaging because these living creatures (rare in *trompe l'oeil* art) hang on to the wire, poke their heads through it, and gaze out at us as if we were the picture, not they. In 1894, another little-known artist, F. Danton, Jr., produced a canvas called "Time Is Money" that represented an old door from which hung a clock and paper bills. A projecting wooden frame (a real frame) was painted with boards and nail holes to continue the idea of the door, but an added hoax of several actual nail holes gave the ensemble an illusory character. One asks: What is real, what is fabricated? Where is the dividing line? The painted holes are as convincing as the physically correct ones. The viewer is left wondering and worrying, but titillated, too.

So I return to my original question: Why exactly did this school of minutely recorded intimate still life capture the imagination of nineteenth-century America? Possibly Victorian mores, growing out of a familiar, secure, somewhat stuffy environment, encouraged a wry materialistic art. All the little household trinkets, all the oddities that cluttered American homes a hundred years ago contributed to the movement. But the paintings themselves were rarely stuffy. True, they were concerned with the object per se (not surprising in a period of practicality and economic growth); yet their treatment was often refreshingly backhanded. Although the *trompe l'oeil* artists projected a world of modest dimensions, they nonetheless turned their canvases into such equivocal experiences that even today our eyes and psyches are piqued.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

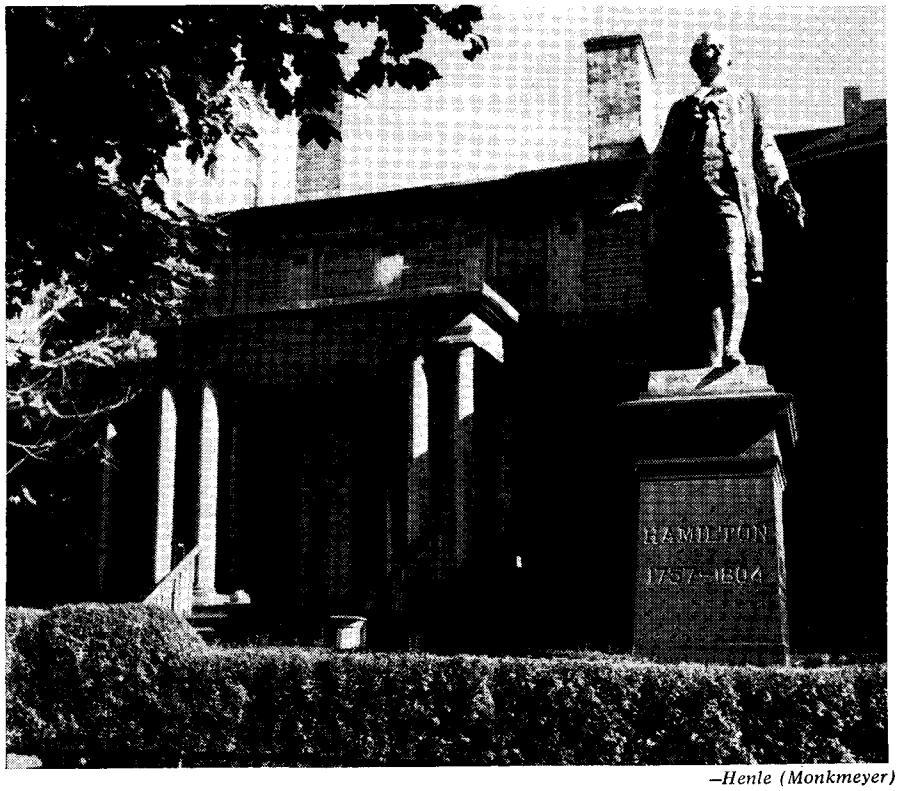
A Day in Harlem

IT'S EASY ENOUGH to get to Harlem. As Duke Ellington advises, "Take the A Train." Or the D. Or the Lexington Avenue. Most New York cab drivers, however, won't venture north of 110th Street or even pick up a black person on the assumption he wants to be dropped in Harlem. "I can never get a cab in New York," a young black woman told me the other day. "One time I was waiting on a corner with two white girls, and we weren't even going to Harlem and a cab wouldn't stop. Finally, I had to hide while they hailed the cab, and when they got the door open, I came out of hiding. Usually I just have to wait for a black cab driver."

Accessible as it is by subway, Harlem remains forbidden territory to most whites. Perhaps it should. Harlem, particularly in summertime, would not stand up to streams of gawking tourists pouring along 125th Street. Gapers, in fact, are advised to content themselves with a couple of hours in a midtown movie house seeing *Cotton Comes to Harlem*, a detective yarn filmed just north of a line many New Yorkers would cross only in the refuge of a Penn Central commuter.

It came as something of a surprise to learn, on a steamy day in early July, that the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau encourages tours of Harlem, if managed discreetly. A summer promotion called "17 Cities in One" lists Harlem (along with Greenwich Village, Chinatown, Little Italy, the Lower East Side, New York's parks, pubs, and outdoor cafés) as a destination "for the involved visitor." Far from peddling Harlem as a don't-miss tourist sight, the bureau cautions visitors who drop by its office at 90 East 42nd Street not to take the trip as a lark but as a two-feet-on-the-sidewalk cultural experience. "We don't really discourage anyone—unless they're a bunch of giggling girls," says Jack MacBean of the bureau.

What the bureau recommends is that individuals and groups sign on with the Penny Sightseeing Company, probably the only agency in town that conducts substantial tours of Harlem. The company is named for Penelope (Penny) Ruffin, who with her husband Claude has made a business, if a modest one, of showing outsiders what they consider the true Harlem—not just a run past the Apollo and Smalls Paradise, nor a glimpse of kids turning on a corner fire hydrant, but a longer look at a functioning, struggling Harlem that a person would never see from the window of a hermetically sealed, air-chilled bus.



—Henle (Monkmeyer)

"The Grange," Alexander Hamilton's country home in Harlem.

Mrs. Ruffin, a buoyant black woman who grew up in Columbus, Ohio, and who now lives in Harlem, operates tours on Monday, Thursday, and Friday during the summer but only on Monday in the slack season, charging $4.50 for a three- to four-hour excursion and $8 if it includes a lunch stop at Wells, Frank's, Count Basie's, or the Red Rooster. The tour sets out at midmorning from Penny's headquarters, a cramped little office at 303 West 42nd Street. On busier days the Ruffins hire a bus, but on this drizzly Thursday a limousine was enough to accommodate a group of less than a dozen, including a black couple from Penny's home town, their son, and a friend of his from the neighborhood, an eighteen-year-old London lad who is spending the summer slinging hash in Times Square before starting Cambridge in the autumn, and a young Cairo-born man now of Monaco who is seeing the States by Greyhound bus. Harlem is one of the first sights outlanders want to see in America. Mrs. Ruffin said her tours sometimes draw 80 per cent Europeans and other foreigners.

As we headed uptown on Central Park West, Mrs. Ruffin sketched in the background of Harlem. After interchanging the terms "black" and "Negro" several times, she cut into her commentary and said: "I am full proof of the generation gap. Sometimes I say Negro and sometimes I say black. So you back there"—she nodded at the black family from Columbus—"you'll have to forgive me."

Harlem, established in 1658 by Peter Stuyvesant, was farmland for almost 200 years. In the early nineteenth century, James Roosevelt, great-grandfather of FDR, owned a large tract between what is now East 110th and 125th streets. These northeast reaches of Manhattan began to give way to suburbia after the Harlem Railroad was built in the 1830s, the Germans and Irish putting up some of the island's handsomest brownstones and brick row houses. In the first two decades of this century, Negroes filtered into Harlem from the Tenderloin and San Juan Hill districts of Manhattan's West Side, and hundreds of thousands came up from the South and the West Indies. Today its five-and-a-half square miles—from 110th to 162nd Street, Morningside Heights to the Harlem and East rivers—hold about 240,000 people. Mrs. Ruffin doesn't hesitate to observe that 45 per cent are on welfare.

Immediately after crossing 110th Street and entering Harlem, you come to one of its bleakest neighborhoods, rows and rows of drab, dilapidated walkups along Eighth Avenue. On a

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day hardly worthy of a peep outdoors, tenants of these marginally habitable dwellings were on the sidewalks, chatting, lounging, staring. Farther uptown, Harlem suddenly changes its face. Convent Avenue at 145th Street displays facing rows of well-kept brownstones, lined with healthy trees. "The Grange," Alexander Hamilton's country home, has been uprooted from a nearby foundation and transplanted on the east side of Convent Avenue. A statue of Hamilton stands before the two-story pillared frame house. "It was recently revealed that he was part Negro and part French," Mrs. Ruffin said of the West Indian-born Hamilton. "So you can see we are quite proud."

We stopped on Sugar Hill, a slightly faded but still fashionable section, the subject of many movies and books, and home at one time to Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, Bill Robinson, Joe Louis, and Lena Horne. "We always thought you really had it made if you lived on Sugar Hill," Mrs. Ruffin said. "We called those buildings oatmeal flats, because after you paid the rent there was just enough money left for oatmeal."

Walking east on 147th Street toward St. Nicholas Avenue, the group passed a long, unbroken row of matching front stoops, each one tall, stout, and curled at the base—a vanishing scene in Manhattan. At 400 West 147th Street is a men's and women's boutique named the New Breed, a business that got its start with the launching of the Black Economic Union. The New Breed, with twenty franchises across the country, pioneered such Afro-American styles as the dashiki, a colorful, loose-hanging shirt that was adapted from the West African *akbada*.

Omar Effendi, the store's coordinator, spoke to me in a quiet, stern voice while the group ranged through the spacious boutique eying such garments as the cape Muhammad Ali wore in *Big Time Buck White* and expensive Cassini shirts. Effendi, a striped *felah* on his head, said he embraced the Islamic faith thirty years ago at age twelve. "Still," he said, nodding at a white customer, "I wore that three-button suit for years. The Petrocelli. The London tweeds. The whole thing. Now I wear this suit," he said, pointing to a plaid dashiki and matching trousers hanging above the counter.

"We hope to get the message to thirty million people—the black population in America. We feel the dashiki should be included in a black man's wardrobe, but we have no intention of cutting off the white clothing industry. We're just out to make it like the Italians and other clothing makers have. As you know, breaking into the industry is rough. We are striving toward black power through the use of green power. Understand? We have the potential to snatch the market, but the whole industry is geared against the New Breed.

"The dashiki suit is definitely on its way. Lots of college students are wearing it. It is not a militant uniform. It can be worn by anyone—white men, too. We had a store in Mount Vernon, but we couldn't make it. The customers were commuters, and they'd only wear the dashiki in the back yard for cutting the grass and making barbecues. They were afraid to wear it downtown where their white colleagues might object."

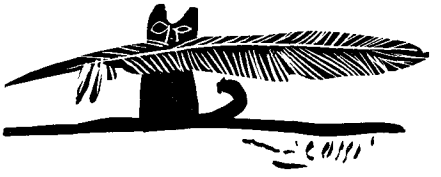
When I asked Effendi about his background, he said proudly: "I'm from the best university in the world—the streets of Harlem. Understand? Right now I am working with the biggest stick in the world—truth."

The tour led uptown on St. Nicholas to the northeast corner of Harlem, known as Washington Heights. We stopped on Jumel Terrace, a quiet, shaded street paved with bricks. Mrs. Ruffin pointed out Paul Robeson's former house at 16 Jumel Terrace. Across the street stands the Jumel Mansion, a restored colonial residence of brick sheathed in wood that served as Washington's headquarters during the Revolution. On a misty day one can't appreciate the broad view of Harlem from this reputedly haunted house on a hill. We were met by a black doorman and ushered into the foyer to join the curator, Mrs. LeRoy Campbell, who wore a black beret and a DAR badge on a blue-and-white print dress that hung to mid-calf. After showing us a mannequin of Mme. Jumel on the second floor, Mrs. Campbell said in apparent seriousness: "Of course we have ghosts," and then unraveled, for her dwindling audience, a long tale of bloody murders and fleeing ghosts. She even produced a photograph of what she said was a ghost, pointing to specific facial features and clothing that none of us could make out. "Looks like a lot of cobwebs to me," said Mrs. Ruffin on the front lawn after I had left Mrs. Campbell at the second-floor railing, still going on about spirits.

Heading south on Edgecombe Avenue, we passed the site of the former Polo Grounds, now given over to the red-brick towers of a middle-income housing project. At 155th Street, we crossed a bridge into "The Valley," Harlem's most concentrated residential district, otherwise known as the ghetto. Some of the rows of tenements don't appear as ramshackle as an outsider might expect, but on closer inspection you can see windows in the upper floors blackened and burned out from within. Fires break out in Harlem with dulling frequency. Downtown residents may thrill to the passing of a fire truck, but in Harlem the siren may stop wailing at your own building.

Not all of The Valley reeks of poverty and neglect. The beige town houses along West 138th and 139th streets between Seventh and Eighth avenues were designed by Stanford White and are still well tended. The area is called Strivers' Row because living there is proof of one's struggle. The London lad among us said he had prepared himself for shabbier sights than he was seeing. "But that may be," he added, "because I have been exposed to the East Village." Mrs. Ruffin pointed out "my church"—Adam Clayton Powell's Abyssinian Baptist Church on 138th Street with a congregation of 12,000. Harlem is a place of churches, some huge and modernistic, most tiny and makeshift. One particular block is said to have eleven churches.

Penny tours make a routine stop at the Urban League headquarters on 136th Street. We heard about the ups and (mostly) downs of inner-city programs from an outspoken official who was distressed by growing evidence of President Nixon's failure with black capitalism and other projects. "Unless something is done soon," he told us in a meeting room, "I don't see how we can get through the summer. There are nineteen thousand kids between the ages of twelve and twenty-one doing nothing in Harlem this summer."



Lunch was at Frank's on 125th Street, a gathering place for Harlem's business, political, and entertainment wizards. It is a happy place. A few of the carry-overs from the original Greek ownership—jovial, old white men in white aprons—are still employed at Frank's, now owned by a black Trinidadian, Selwyn Joseph. There were four Oriental men eating at a front table, groups of whites, black and white couples—all combinations of the spectrum. Frank's serves a wide-ranging menu, priding itself particularly on its marinated duck, five kinds of soup, and soul food on Friday.

There were other stops and other sights. The Ruffins shake up the schedule from time to time, but generally the limousine or bus leaves Harlem behind and enters Manhattan's more familiar environs by Fifth Avenue. One doesn't have to be Monacan or British to see the abruptly changing scene. By 96th Street, Harlem is already worlds away.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Comparative Studies

Tocqueville's America, the hour-long color program presented recently on the National Educational Television network, concluded with two quotations from the French aristocrat's classic study of the early Republic. "I am full of apprehensions and hopes," he wrote, concerning democracy's future, ". . . and I cling with a firmer hold to the belief that, for democratic nations to be virtuous and prosperous, they require but to will it." And from the final sentence of his book: "It depends upon themselves [the nations] whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness."

Neither de Tocqueville nor the NET program (designed by George E. Probst for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which produced it) suggested specifically how a nation, deeply divided on important issues, could come together to will its salvation.

A humble way to begin would be for schools and citizen groups to set up viewings and discussions of the NET program, which is a visually appealing and intellectually rewarding re-examination of the major themes of democracy in America, especially in light of contemporary conditions as reflected in the integrated, filmed commentaries by Senators Everett Dirksen, Vance Hartke, Eugene McCarthy, and Hugh Scott, as well as by Floyd McKissick.

As an important corollary, however, I would urge that any study groups also get their hands on a print, tape, or script of the *Honor America Day* morning broadcast, which all three networks and public broadcasting stations presented on Independence Day. If the nation is to unite in its moral crisis, it can only be by distancing ourselves from our behavior and achieving an insight into our contradictions.

These contradictions were eloquently mirrored in the two programs. De Tocqueville, commenting on the "inflated style" of American orators, noted at one point how "they . . . vent their pomposity from one end of a harangue to another." As part of the *Honor America* program, one young lady rhapsodized about how Americans living in the greatest country on earth are all "terribly glad to be what they are." The materialism that de Tocqueville had evidenced in the American character was vividly apparent in her eulogy of "more roast beef, mashed potatoes, Orlon sweaters, telephones, life insurance policies, laughter, and song than anywhere else."

In any comparative study of the two programs, this orator's recitation ought to be placed alongside a remarkable scene from the NET show. While on location in New York City, the Canadian camera crew had filmed the magisterial statue of George Washington in front of the old Treasury Building on Wall Street. As the camera panned down to the tip of the statue's benevolent, outstretched hand, there, shuffling like Stepin Fetchit, was a black man dancing for small coins tossed diffidently by lunch-hour Wall Streeters lounging on the building's steps. The contrast in these sequences mercilessly articulated the wide gap between the American dream of equality for all and its fulfillment for blacks on the 194th birthday of independence.

Senator McCarthy, in a wry comment on July 4th celebrations, said that independence was a theme outgrown in the complexities of a post-World War II world. So too, he argued, was the physical frontier, of which the French historian (or premature sociologist) made so much in trying to explain the American character. Senator Dirksen said the new frontier was up in space; McCarthy said it was "within."

Tocqueville's America juxtaposed stills of America in the 1830s accompanied by the visiting Frenchman's observations with scenes and commentary from present-day America. All were handsomely integrated as the program ranged over de Tocqueville's generalizations and predictions about war, manners, law and order, women, the Presidency, and the Supreme Court. The dominant element was the racial crisis. De Tocqueville predicted that, "If ever America undergoes great revolutions, they will be brought about by the presence of the black race. That is, they will be due not to equality but to inequality." Senators Dirksen and Scott said de Tocqueville was in error: In their opinions, the racial solution was slowly being worked out. On this major issue, de Tocqueville was pessimistic about America's future, for the whites, he said, will never fully accord equality to the blacks and will make them enemies.

Between optimism and pessimism lies the critical mind, searching for truth through reason. George Probst's televised effort to make us see ourselves more clearly through the prism of de Tocqueville's rich analysis is a contribution to that search.

"My Avon representative doesn't understand me."

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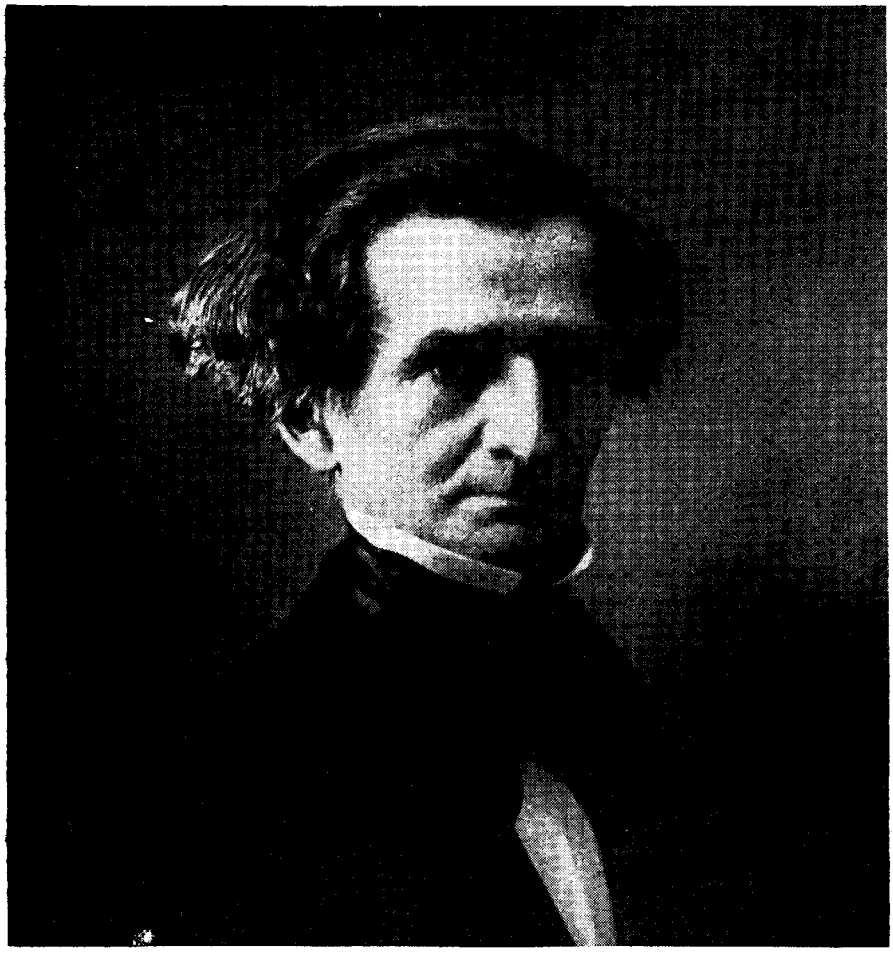

Berlioz's "Les Troyens"—"A musical experience quite unlike any other."

SR: RECORDINGS

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Berlioz's "Les Troyens," Busoni's "Doktor Faust," and Hindemith's "Cardillac"

by IRVING KOLODIN
and ROBERT JACOBSON

This is the time of the year when the fortunate minority of operatic devotees, unable to find appropriate entertainment in the American opera centers, take to the trains and the planes to find exotic diversion wherever it may show itself. This leaves the majority of others discontent, unhappy, perhaps even brooding. But this is one summer in which such interests can be satisfied even better at home than they might be abroad.

I refer to the sharp rise in appeal of what might be called the Off-Stage Opera Company, whose repertory is as widespread as the alphabet and as liberally stocked as the pages of the *Schwann Catalog*. After the spate of activity that has produced an admirable *Werther* of Massenet, a fine *Martha* of Flotow, and another top *Jenufa* of Janáček, it has gone beyond any previous bounds in offering, for the first time in any recorded medium, indeed the first time outside the walls of Covent Garden (or the ears reached by a broadcast), Berlioz's complete *Les Troyens*. If that amazing enterprise is in need of an encore, try Busoni's *Doktor Faust* and Hindemith's *Cardillac* from DGG (pages 44-45).

Having now sampled the ten sides of the historic Philips issue (Philips stereo, 6709002, five discs, $24.95) that affords the first opportunity for complete immersion in this score ever provided to the music lover, Baptist or otherwise, I can only echo the report previously provided by Thomas Heinitz [*SR*, Apr. 25]. For those to whom the ears are as important as the eyes, this will be an experience akin to seeing the Grand Canyon for the first time, or the heroic original of Michelangelo's *David* in its legendary home in the Museo dell' Accademia in Florence. Different as they are, they share the quality of being indescribable. No prose poem, however transporting, can do justice to the staggering proportions of the original. As much can, and must, be said of *Les Troyens*.

The ten sides provide more than four hours of uninterrupted listening, which, translated into theatrical terms —with four interruptions spread over the five acts—would outlast even *Parsifal*. This is one count against its promotion from the off-stage to the on-stage category. Another is the circumstance that it is really two operas rather than one: "The Siege of Troy" at the beginning and "The Trojans at Carthage" thereafter. Berlioz himself regretfully realized the impracticality of the project for the average opera house by separating the two subjects and providing a new beginning for "The Trojans at Carthage" when it is played separately.

However, the armchair opera lover need indulge no such temporizing. Providing he can set aside a five-hour period in which to pursue his enthusiasm, and allowing for a self-decreed interval here and there, he can expose himself

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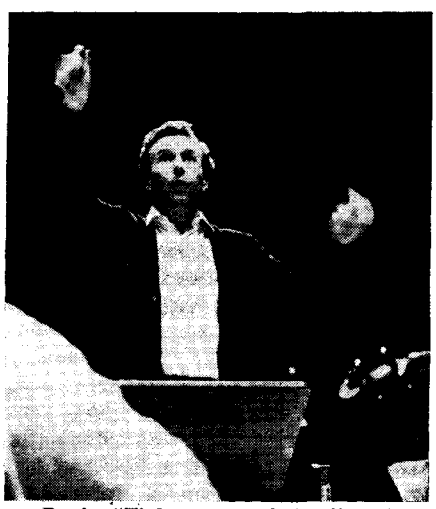
to a musical experience quite unlike any other. If he can add the recently published two-volume score by Bärenreiter to the handsome libretto provided with the records (in German and English as well as the original French) and descriptive material edited by David Cairns, he will be ready to educate as well as to entertain himself. The price ($140) for the total of 755 pages is likely to restrict it to libraries, universities, conservatories, etc. They, like others, can have their wants supplied by Broude Brothers, 56 West 45th Street, New York, New York 10036. It is a handsome product, derived from the original plates not previously processed for general use.

As the work unfolds, the listener will discover that as well as being confronted by two separate though interrelated subjects, he is in the presence of two rather different musical products. "The Siege of Troy," which begins with a chorus not unlike the Prologue to *Roméo et Juliette* (merely to establish some kind of kinship for the unindoctrinated reader), projects in thrilling, as well as chilling, detail the alarm of Cassandra at the willingness of the Trojans to welcome the horse of the Greeks within their gates, despite her warnings. It is climaxed by her death and the flight of Aeneas and his followers.

It has many extraordinary stretches of beautiful music, beginning with the Overture and March, which have had more than a little circulation. It has some other stretches of archaic sound that may cause the first-time listener to wonder whether he has been Hectored into a kind of Berlioz that is not really for him. But the transition to the third act, which finds Dido in Carthage longing for her lost husband and pining for what turns out to be the imminent arrival of Aeneas on his way to "Italie, Italie," tells us quite another tale.



Davis—"Tight grasp of detail and unremitting sense of totality. . . ."

Here, in the languid warmth of the African sun, Berlioz changes his musical palette completely, painting quite another kind of scene from Troy. Its well-known, gorgeous orchestral example is the "Royal Hunt and Storm," of which Sir Thomas Beecham was a notably able exponent. I can say no more on behalf of the three acts of which it is a part than to guarantee those who marvel at the poetic imagery of the "Royal Hunt and Storm" music of absolutely equal quality all around it.

That takes in the circumstance that Berlioz's striving to find an archaic "Greek" idiom for the first two acts is set aside thereafter. On behalf of Dido and Aeneas, he reactivates the same fervently restrained, passionately controlled strain of love music that had served so well in *Roméo et Juliette* as well as in some portions of *La Damnation de Faust*. That the opera ends with the foreordained departure of Aeneas for the Italy sought by his followers, with Dido's immolation and the bitter resolution of her subjects to hate the descendants of Aeneas forever, provides Berlioz with the opportunity—of which he makes full use—to lead the mood back to the somber one of the beginning.

There is not ample space, nor is this the place, to discourse on the widened scope of the already mammoth canvas on which Berlioz has painted the now well-known *Requiem*, *Te Deum*, and *Symphonie funèbre* as well as the far more familiar symphonic works, from the *Fantastique* to *Harold in Italy*. It may be taken as assured fact that such an opportunity will present itself when an enlightened post-Bing administration repairs the Metropolitan's oversight.

Let us plead, pray, and supplicate that when the time comes the conductor will be Colin Davis, whose tight grasp of detail and unremitting sense of totality keep interest at a fever pitch from first to last through the ten sides. Berit Lindholm is an impressive Cassandra—a little sharp-edged in vocal sound but thoroughly convincing dramatically—and Josephine Veasey is of the first quality as Dido. Jon Vickers strikes a fine dramatic tone as Aeneas (although the overemphasized "e" vowel makes prolonged listening a trial) and, like a true vocal thoroughbred, puts forth his best effort when the going is hardest. Peter Glossop is somewhat overmatched as Corebus, Cassandra's betrothed, but Roger Soyer (Narbal), Ian Partridge (Iopas), Anne Howells (Ascanius), and Heather Begg (Anna) are all excellent in briefer parts. The engineering team led by Erik Smith has assured Philips of a proud part in the world-wide appreciation of a great work. —I.K.

In the Thirties, Edward J. Dent decreed that "Busoni's real masterpiece is *Doktor Faust*, a work in which he sums up the experience of a lifetime; it is a drama on a spiritual plane far removed from the normal operatic level, and it will remain one of those operas, like *Les Troyens* of Berlioz, which are revived and presented only at rare and solemn intervals." Dr. Dent also might well have included Hindemith's first full-length opera *Cardillac* (written just a year later, in 1926) in this rarefied company, for both are keystones in twentieth-century neoclassicism and fall well outside the mainstream of operatic creation. They demand that the listener go at least half the mile to meet librettos and scores that are intellectually, mystically, symbolically, and objectively conceived. For these very reasons, these works—philosophic tracts as much as theatrical pieces—are ideally suited to recordings, if only because the listener's imagination may better cope with the ideas and the prescribed stage action than any actual visual representation, and an ideal aural balance can be maintained between the vocal line and orchestral complexities.

A good deal of proverbial water has flowed beneath the bridge since Dent banished *Les Troyens* and *Doktor Faust* to "rare and solemn intervals." Berlioz's opera has received two Covent Garden productions, as well as complete or edited versions in Scotland, Paris, and San Francisco. *Cardillac* was given its American stage premiere at Santa Fe three summers ago and its British premiere last March by the New Opera Company. *Doktor Faust*, however, still reticently lurks in the shadows, despite a famed 1954 Berlin production and more recent concert versions in London and New York, all with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. The two twentieth-century works now make their recording debuts via Deutsche Grammophon: *Doktor Faust* on 2709 032 (three records), *Cardillac* on SLPM 139 435/36 (two records), both emanating from German radio performances and starring Fischer-Dieskau as the tortured protagonists.

Busoni's *Doktor Faust* and Hindemith's *Cardillac* (also his *Mathis der Maler*) come to grips with the same subject: the inner life and outward destiny of creative man. As a result, whatever drama exists in these operas is linked with inner torment, decision-making, and philosophic contemplation—elements not generally synonymous with dramatic opera. With Faust it is the suffering and isolation that come with genius, the preparation for and acceptance of death, the striving for life's experience, and the continuation of one's work and "eternal

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will" through a new generation. Cardillac is a psychopathic master goldsmith who murders those who have bought his work, for he regards it as so much a part of himself that he cannot give it up to the world.

Dent noted that "One cannot apply to *Doktor Faust* the ordinary standards of operatic criticism. It moves on a plane of spiritual experience far beyond that of even the greatest musical works for the stage." In his esthetic, Busoni demanded that the audience must not confuse theatrical effect with reality: "The greater part of modern theater music suffers from the mistake of seeking to repeat the scenes passing on the stage, instead of fulfilling its own proper mission of interpreting the soul-states of the persons represented. . . . It is the invisible and inaudible, the spiritual processes of the personage portrayed which music should render intelligible." In the mid-Twenties, Busoni and Hindemith turned against the through-composition of Wagner and returned to set operatic forms of arias and ensembles, believing that reality was not possible on the operatic stage. With this came orchestral scoring constructed purely according to its own laws—also in unified musical forms (variations, passacaglia, rondo, etc.)—so that music and drama run parallel and independently, although not with the interpenetration that Berg, for example, achieved in *Wozzeck* or *Lulu*.

Doktor Faust is a far continent from the Romanticism of Gounod's *Faust* or Boïto's *Mefistofele*. For his text, Busoni turned to an old puppet play; for his noble and rich language, he looked to Goethe and Marlowe. Opera, he felt, should take advantage of the supernatural to create a world of make-believe and magic, to show something not found in real life. In avoiding sentimentality, love interest, and theatrics for their own sake, he strove for an idealistic, monumental tragedy of disillusion and disenchantment filled with stage magic and spiritual symbolism. Musically, he always looked back "to re-create something which already exists," in this case the eloquence of Bach in the choral sections; but he was of his own time in using pandiatonic chords, parallel writing, dissonances set against pedal points or *ostinati*, linear dissonant counterpoint, modality, and polytonal chord combinations. One respects his craft and ideals; yet the opera's very astringency, objectivity, and complexity keep the listener at arm's length until the final two scenes in which the disillusioned, broken Faust finds resolution of his conflicts and agonies in death.

Hindemith, too, sought a kind of objectivity, and it is only in Cardillac's solo scenes and death—where he gives vent to his inner feelings, motivations, and torment—that the emotional temperature is kindled. Hindemith, like Busoni, was speaking his philosophy through his obsessed protagonist (a figure taken by librettist Ferdinand Lion from E. T. A. Hoffmann's *Das Fräulein von Scudéri*): "Harsh joy of creative power is all that drives my life and gives it fullness. . . . All my strength is drawn from [these jewels] alone, and in return I give my strength to them. . . . All things created must rejoin the one who gave them life." In the end, as Cardillac's daughter and suitor forgive him, Hindemith seems to say that it really doesn't matter what crimes you have committed in your private life; what you have created is what is meaningful and lives on.

Strict counterpoint, as throughout Hindemith's career, is the basis of his sinewy writing; the linear, often austere music claims its own laws as themes are developed in the manner of a concerto, rather than used to embellish the text. This abstract, non-Romantic musical structure was to counterbalance the full-blown Romanticism of the story, so that *Cardillac* exists on two levels: objective music-making contrasting with a subject of intense psychological excitement. Do the operas of Mozart or Verdi or Wagner or Puccini call for such probing? No. They exist because they are acceptable on a variety of levels and communicate a sense of the dramatic. Hindemith, looking back on his early opera in 1952, revised it, aiming for a musical drama in which the music indeed intensified the action.

These two entries into the repertory of Off-Stage Opera Company have been exceedingly well served by DGG. The weight, profundity, restlessness, and mystery of Busoni's opera are effectively realized by Ferdinand Leitner in a spacious but firm reading with the Bavarian Radio Orchestra and Chorus. In the title role, Fischer-Dieskau understands and conveys the metaphysical, intellectual, and demoniac aura of the work, singing with power and introspection as needed. Unfortunately, William Cochran's tenor voice is too tight at the top to fully realize Mephistopheles's cruelly written *tessitura*, and Hildegard Hillebrecht is shrill and strained as the Duchess of Parma. There is a more positive contribution from Karl Christian Kohn as Wagner and the Master of Ceremonies.

The late Joseph Keilberth achieves admirable balance between soloists and orchestra in a classic, expressive reading of the original version of *Cardillac* with the Cologne Radio Orchestra and Chorus. Again, Fischer-Dieskau puts all the intensity, despair, madness, and poignancy into his superb portrayal of the Goldsmith. Leonore Kirschstein is effective as the Daughter torn between devotion to her father and love for an Officer (well sung by Donald Grobe), and the high level is maintained by Elisabeth Söderström as the Woman, Karl Christian Kohn as the Gold Merchant, and Eberhard Katz as the Cavalier. Now can we look forward to such further additions as Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*, Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*, Busoni's *Turandot*, and Pfitzner's *Palestrina*? —R.J.

—*Bettmann Archive*

Busoni's "Doktor Faust"—"A drama on a spiritual plane far removed from the normal operatic level . . ."

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"Bill Evans Alone"

by BURT KORALL

Pianist Bill Evans holds an enviable position in contemporary jazz. He is a man of respect, seldom disparaged by colleagues or critics, whatever their persuasion. In this period of diminishing fortune for jazz, when audiences are puzzled by rampant experimentation and more than a little self-indulgence in their area of interest, he serves a singular function.

Evans is a source of clarity and reassurance. He provides a sense of continuity, linking the past with the present, and communicates with people over a wide range and on several levels. While artful and adventurous, inner-directed and subtle, his music speaks with heart and commends itself in a mellifluous voice. This is of particular comfort to the veteran fan seeking something he can feel, someone who will not intimidate him.

This improvising musician and only a few others—Miles Davis, for one—remind us that catharsis is but part of the creative process; that beauty is a myth and beyond realization without the emotional and technical tools to shape it; that there is no short cut to self-discovery, sense of identity, and, ideally, the individualized vision that follows; that musical frameworks can be a box, and freedom a trap, if ill-used or misunderstood.

A slim, shy, soft-spoken man who might easily be mistaken for a schoolteacher, Evans counters this pedantic physical image by being a musing romantic to the core. His propensities become almost immediately apparent when one hears him. His music, a matter of highly distilled clarity, emphasizing life's more special feelings, is the antithesis of mindless convolution and violence. Not prone to hammering his point across, Evans rivets the listener with his delicious sound and choice of notes. He teases the mind with innuendo, tying gut-level feeling to intellect, while presenting his thoughts with style and undeniable logic. For all his obvious intellectuality, he is very much in touch with his feelings—and not just the first layer where reflex responses reside.

The way in which Evans probes and delineates a wide range of sentiments gives his performances their basic

"One tends to wonder if the piano is playing Evans or the other way around."

character. While ably using his tools, he combines impulses from the depths with the heat of emotions nearer the surface. A precarious balance, always in danger of being disturbed, is held in the best of his efforts. Sometimes, however, the equilibrium is affected by external or internal stimuli. And he either tends to profound introspection, during which his playing is cooler, more abstract than usual, gray and wistful, or he can be quite aggressive and physical, and the upsurge of good spirits and body heat is more readily felt.

"When I first came to New York to make my way in 1954, after having served in the Army for three years, I played rather openly, physically," Evans recently recalled. "The big city—so imposing and threatening—and my situation within it, seemed to call for a kind of aggression."

Key recordings documenting the pianist's early muscular phase, taped in 1957 and thereabouts, are no longer available, except in stores catering to collectors, and perhaps not even at these sources. In any event, try to locate George Russell's *The Jazz Workshop* album, featuring the composer's Smalltet (RCA Victor, LPM 1372), *Guys and Dolls Like Vibes* by the Eddie Costa Quartet (Coral, CRL 57230), and particularly *Modern Jazz Concert*, showcasing six compositions by such writers as Russell, Charles Mingus, and Jimmy Giuffre, commissioned by the 1957 Brandeis University Festival of the Arts (Columbia, WL 127).

While indicating his lyricism, Evans's playing—not unlike the late Eddie Costa's in its persuasive percussiveness—is lithe and live and vigorous, young but unusually intelligent. He shows a predilection for developing his solos from appealing fragments, basic phrases, bringing to bear subtle harmonic variations and rhythmic repetitions. With edifying sensitivity, he changes the densities of lines, never rushing his thought processes, aptly using silence and space to give his comments shape and thrust. It is not unusual for him to take one idea and redesign it several different ways, without losing the central concept of the entire statement. Then as now, Evans manipulated the component parts of a solo in a way that indicated clarity of vision concerning the larger picture.

His greatest solo of the period—and perhaps one of his best ever—is in the third section of George Russell's "All About Rosie," the initial entry in the Brandeis album. The tempo is UP! Evans comes storming in, following a brisk and exciting ensemble passage. He uses its energy and his own to get off the ground immediately. Working with a few basic ideas, he moves headlong through four choruses—alone (first eight bars), with just drummer Teddy Sommer closing his sock cymbal on 2 and 4 of every bar until the solo's mid-point, then for the rest of the way with full rhythm section and a comment or two from the band.

The first half is so tightly integrated and right and flushed with excitement I would want little changed. Evans ticks off bits and pieces, smoking; he builds, lunging and retiring, each comment illuminating and giving reason to that which follows. He expands and contracts the material, adds and subdivides, using repeats in telling spots, sharply defining shapes and contours. A crafty cat, he gives every indication of knowing the innermost secrets of musical architecture. His diversification of accents, as the solo proceeds, works so well that these utterances take on a different aspect with each listening. At one point he deploys triplets in such a way as to create a particularly potent, slow-motion effect over the relentless supportive rhythm.

During the second half of the performance, Evans takes the tension down a shade, leaning on and using the rhythm section as he experiments against the basic pulse. The ideas still come in telling bursts. But there seems to be an objectivity here, entirely absent in the first portion, where feelings and techniques are indivisible. Any pianist with jazz ambitions would do well to audition this solo.

Evans's six months with Miles Davis in 1958 were crucial. The group en-

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vironment pressed him and exacted its toll. His increasingly lyrical inclinations came into bolder relief. He moved to the point of confrontation with himself about his future. At the time, Davis was seeking freedom from the explicit schedule of chords and turned to modal compositions. A new simplicity and spontaneity within his band resulted.

The pianist had to come to terms with an improvisational situation in a most immediate and demanding form. Davis never rehearsed. He gave his men direction but allowed great latitude, making them accept the responsibility for their positions in the group. As comes clear on the Davis LP *Kind of Blue* (Columbia, CS 8163)—comprised of material by the leader and never seen by his sidemen before the record sessions—Evans is equal to the task. He readily taps the deeper recesses of feeling, using his technical facility and knowledge to advantage, without any sort of preplanning. Davis and his frameworks opened Evans further to the implicit possibilities of improvisation, while simultaneously turning him inward for a lonely, intensive examination of his resources.

For the past twelve years as jazz's premier pianist, Evans has continued his quest, exploring over a wide-ranging plane to the brink of "the new thing" and beyond: e.g., George Russell's *Jazz in the Space Age* (Decca, 79219), a prescient album featuring him and pianist Paul Bley in an essentially free-form atmosphere. But it is not in this ambience that he finds or fully achieves realization of his aims. Freedom for Evans is a means, a tool in a large arsenal. He functions best with certain restraints, namely, the references provided by a piece of material.

Evans's concern is for beauty not as an abstraction but as an accessible reality, and for the presentation of his "best" feelings. "I have no desire to listen to the bathroom noises of the artist," he once declared. And that about says it as well as anything.

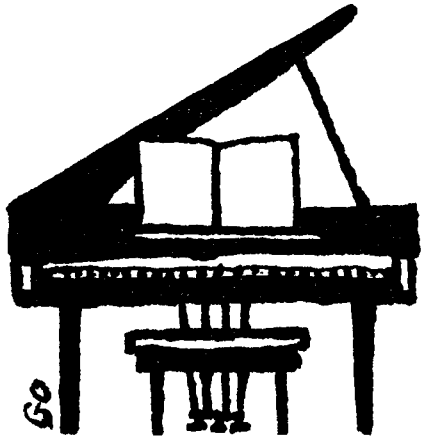
Since he left Davis, the body of music Evans has committed to records firmly and unequivocally defines his position. With the trio—piano, bass, drums—as his basic format, he has continued to grow, using his concept of improvisation as a guide. Evans encourages his players to move freely in the trio context, pushing them to play as they feel. At best their work often approaches simultaneous improvisation. Yet there remains an underlying sense of order: the centers of reference the songs offer, whether they're chordally or modally based. The Evans trio at the height of its powers, making freedom within a frame an unforgettable experience, can be found on albums featuring the late bassist Scott LaFaro. Listen to *Bill Evans Trio—At the Village Vanguard* (Riverside, S-3006).

How Evans plays, the tack he takes, the set of feelings involved depend upon his colleagues and upon what he is exploring at the time. On the recent re-release, *Peace Pieces* (Riverside, RS 3042), we get a look at Evans the composer. He is heard with a trio, quartet, quintet, and alone. The music, like the man, stems from a lyric-romantic-impressionist base. Usually the pieces derive identity from fragile, transparent melodies that linger in one's mind.

Another key piece in this pianist's legacy, "Peace Piece," is included here. Alone, he improvises a well-balanced composition, primarily based on only two chords, C and G. Flesh is progressively added in the right hand as a moody motif is tolled in the left. Evans's concentration increases as he enters more deeply into the job at hand, and the performance attains an almost hypnotic quality before the pedal close. Because it worked out so well on record, with Evans capturing the muse and moving with it, he seldom has performed the work since.

That the pianist is particularly responsive to excellent support is well illustrated on *The Best of Bill Evans* (Verve, V6-8747), another anthology set, this time documenting his work through the 1960s. Some of his most rewarding work can be found on "I Believe in You." With Shelly Manne (drums) and Monte Budwig (bass), a rhythmically stimulating environment is created, and Evans literally is thrust out of himself. He meets Manne and Budwig face on, giving as good as he gets, almost strutting at one point. The song is continually redefined and refashioned, yet none of its melodic quality is lost. The shifting of accents in the seventeenth to twenty-fourth bars of each stanza progressively deepens the swing of this performance—another memorable leaf in the Evans book.

Moving to the present, two albums clearly show the two existing sides of Bill Evans. *What's New* (Verve, V6-8777), spotting the current trio—Eddie Gomez (bass) and Marty Morell (drums)—with flutist Jeremy Steig up front, finds Evans making use of the energy generated by Steig and particularly Gomez to excellent effect. Gomez, a noteworthy accompanist, but also a vital contributor to the overall fabric and a hell of a soloist—in the LaFaro tradition—often approximates the facility of a guitar and the sound of the human voice in his efforts. He is a constant prod in Evans's side. Steig, a scatter-shot player who sometimes loses his way, also gives him little peace. The juxtaposition of Evans and Steig proves particularly provocative in that they are polar opposites. Evans personifies control and intellectuality, while Steig, lacking the pianist's erudition and subtlety, moves more instinctively, emotionally, with his enormous energy sometimes doing him in. It is clear that Evans plays with vigor when others provide motivation he sometimes cannot find in himself, or when impelled by circumstances to dominate. The treatment that best tells the story here is "Straight No Chaser," the Thelonious Monk blues composition that opens the album.



It is characteristic of Evans to seem to dissolve physically into the piano—head low over the keyboard, body bent and close to the instrument—particularly when a ballad is being interpreted. One tends to wonder if the piano is playing Evans or the other way around. We hear the ultimate in thoughtful probing. *Bill Evans Alone* (Verve, V6-8792), his most recent entry in the *Schwann Catalog*, evokes this picture of the pianist; the set is at once beautiful and highly introspective. He treats five songs at length, all harmonically striking and structurally interesting. At first, one responds minimally to these performances; they seem lacking in life and variety. With repetition, however, comes the realization that all, notably the 14:32 investigation of Jay Livingston and Ray Evans's "Never Let Me Go," have an inner quality of their own.

The future of Bill Evans is difficult to predict. More of the same does not seem likely. Although he remains intransigent about certain things, and performs and composes as seems most fitting to his basic *Gestalt*, Evans is a seeker, very much at home in the realm of ideas. He finds renewal in challenge, be it a book, a manner of thinking, or a previously unexplored area of music. All are considered a means of enriching his music and uncovering more of himself. This leads one to think Evans will find more expressive ways and means, and will deepen and further mature what he already knows. Only one thing is certain: Bill Evans will make his own kind of music, his own special song.

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Recordings in Review

Vivaldi for Viola d'Amore

VIVALDI: *Concerto in A (P. 233); Concerto in D minor (P. 266)*; Concerto in D minor (P. 287); Concerto in A minor (P. 37); Concerto in F (P. 286); Concerto in D minor (P. 288); Concerto in D minor (P. 289); Concerto in D (P. 166). Walter Trampler, viola d'amore, with the Camerata Bariloche conducted by Alberto Lysy. *With Giuseppe Anedda, lute.* RCA stereo, LSC 7065 (two records), $11.96.

OF THE SIX concerti for viola d'amore that Antonio Vivaldi produced among 494 others for various groups of instruments, only a scattering have been recorded, and not—so far as my research reveals—in a consecutive sequence. Hence, a special nod of recognition to Walter Trampler and the excellent Camerata of the community of Bariloche in far-south-of-the-equator Argentina for putting them all together and adding two others in which the viola d'amore has a prominent place (in company with other solo instruments).

Not that it is all *pasta* and *vino* from the very start. There is an above-tolerance amount of watery content in the works of the first side that give an unwanted threat of too-much-of-the-mixture-as-before in those to come. However, with the turn of the side there is also a turn of the tide. The Concerto in D minor (P. 287) has the kind of life and snap, drive and invention that identify Vivaldi at his best, and the A minor (P. 37) has a rhythmically insinuating slow movement of enchanting grace. With the Concerto in F (P. 286), whose fast movements offer a pair of horns burbling in bucolic glee around a slow movement combining viola d'amore, oboe, and bassoon in an almost vocal trio, the set attains high ground and remains on it for the duration of the sequence. Indeed, the D minor on Side 4 (P. 289) is almost rashly energetic, full of the kind of musical impulse that aroused J. S. Bach's admiration to the point of making his own transcription of the published Vivaldi that came his way in the early eighteenth century.

Those whose acquaintance with the viola d'amore is limited or nonexistent could hardly have a better point of departure for greater familiarity than this issue. They will hear not merely half-a-dozen works of the highest interest but a series of performances equal to every opportunity they provide. They will hear, moreover, in Trampler not a conventionally antiquarian, which is to say pallid, sampling of the viola d'amore's capabilities, but a full-blooded exploitation of its every resource by a man whose musical conditioning encompasses Berlioz's *Harold in Italy* at one extreme and the Walton Concerto for Viola at the other. This includes the sounding of the sympathetic strings (positioned below the exposed, bowed-and-stopped ones) from which the instrument derives its singular sound as well as its name.

Trampler's use of ornamentation (as in the superbly fingered slow movement of the A minor, P. 37) is tasteful and restrained, which should commend him to the music-minded if not to the pedants. The ensemble under Lysy plays an ever more important part in the highly satisfactory results. The beautifully articulated reproduction may be credited to producer Richard Mohr and recording engineer Sergio Marcotulli.

Non-"Matrimonio" Cimarosa

CIMAROSA: *"Requiem" (1787). Elly Ameling, soprano; Birgit Finnilä, mezzo-soprano; Richard van Vrooman, tenor; Kurt Widmer, bass; Montreux Festival Chorus and Chamber Orchestra of Lausanne conducted by Vittorio Negri.* Philips stereo, SAL 3796, $5.98.

IT IS WELL known that Cimarosa, one of the reigning favorites of his time, spent the years from 1787 to 1790 in St. Petersburg as court composer to Catherine the Great. It is less well known that shortly after his arrival

Trampler—"A full-blooded exploitation of . . . every resource."

the wife of the Duke of Serra Capriola—the ambassador of Naples and Sicily to the Russian court, who had sponsored Cimarosa's visit—died. He requested Cimarosa to compose a Requiem Mass for her funeral, and it is that work which is here reproduced. This is the information provided by the unidentified annotator of this issue: The writer of the sketch on Cimarosa's life in *Grove's* (Alfred Loewenberg) restricts himself to saying that a *Missa pro defunctis* was performed at St. Petersburg in 1787.

As a mass, it does not convey a profound sense of involvement with the circumstances described above; as an example of vocal writing, it is not only of the purest and most cultivated kind, but at some points on Side 2, beginning with the "Lacrymosa" for soprano solo and continuing with the "Agnus Dei" for soprano, contralto, and tenor, of a quite extraordinary beauty. It partakes in very small part of the dramatic urgency Mozart was to impart to his setting of the liturgical text only a few years later, but Cimarosa was merely performing a diplomatic service, not pronouncing a death sentence upon himself as, legend has it, was Mozart's tragic belief.

The performance under the direction of Vittorio Negri, who revised the score—though in what respect we are not informed—is steady and musicianly, better in its individual solo efforts than as an inspired totality. Elly Ameling (of Holland) is an excellent voice for the soprano part, Birgit Finnilä shows in "Quid sum miser tunc dicturus" that she has a more than respectable trill to go with other assets admired at her New York debut last winter, and Kurt Widmer is an admirable bass. Richard van Vrooman offers a tenor voice that sounds, in its lower register, much like a light mezzo's, with not too much quality elsewhere. The recording is quite good, though the surroundings—one has the impression of an empty church or other large space—tend to spread the choral sound.

The Sound of Subotnick

SUBOTNICK: *"Touch." Created on the Buchla Electronic Music System.* Columbia, MS 7316, $5.98.

WHENEVER I have been asked the by-now standard question "What do you think of electronic music?" I have answered with the other by-now standard question: "What do you think of organ music?" Electronics is, or are, but a means, such as the organ is. Making music takes a little more than that. Like talent. Like the talent Mort Subotnick showed on *Apples of the Silver Moon* (or was it *The Moon of the Sil-*

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ver Apples?) and shows again, in even larger measure, in *Touch.*

Not that the time has come to proclaim Subotnick the George Washington of electronic music, or even the George Washington Carver. But it strikes my ear that he is, at least, a man who thinks of electronically created sound in imaginative terms, who may even possibly have such ideas sounding in his head before he sits down at the console. Mel Powell, whose "Dear Mort" notes written on first looking into *Touch* are reproduced as the only commentary on content, states, "The overall contour of *Touch* fixes itself in my mind, at least for the moment, as a classic diarchy, hence a shuttling of 'two musics,' hence a husky rondo." Wow.

To me *Touch* fixes itself in my mind for its narrative qualities, its shuttling of rhythmically, resonantly differentiated entities, whose appearance and disappearance can be recalled at the next reappearance, and which provide a recognizable context. I hear deep silences and mysterious paddlings-about on an electronic marimba-like phrase. There is disquiet and alarm and a gigantic climax succeeded by an even more gigantic one. Then, finally, deep silences. I can imagine, in the aftermath of listening to *Touch,* having a dream of Red Ridinghood passing through the forest on the way to Grandma Subotnick's. Only it is not the Wolf who gets her after all the scary horrors on the way: It is a gent in a helicopter who swoops down and after the first murderous pass abducts her on the second.

This may be as far from Subotnick's mind as electronic music is from music, but it should leave little doubt there is a power of suggestion in the sounds that can engage the mind. Also, by interesting coincidence, though *Touch* has no such encumbrances as a key, a scale, or other fundamentals of harmonic structure, many of the ideas have nearly fixed pitches and, thus, the conformations of tunes. Can you whistle *Touch*? you say. The day may come.

Sonata by Dukas, Dances by Chausson

DUKAS: *Sonata in E flat.* CHAUSSON: *Quelques Danses. Vladimir Pleshakov, piano.* Orion, 6906, $5.98. (Orion Records, 10588 Ashton Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90024)

SEVERAL INTERESTING ideas are comprehended within this issue. One is the sponsorship of the Yehudi Menuhin Foundation, whose well-wishes are identified in large print on the front of the jacket, but are otherwise not spelled out. The others are in the

Subotnick—"a power of suggestion in the sounds that can engage the mind."

choice of a *recherché* repertory not likely to appeal to a commercial record maker (the series also includes three sonatas of Joseph Woelfl, a lesser-known score of Ernest Bloch, violin works of Dvořák, the *Slåtter* ["Norwegian Dances"], Op. 72, of Edvard Grieg, etc.) and artists of quality who have not attained recording reputations.

All the values are embodied in this specimen disc, whose content—to my knowledge—has not circulated previously in recorded form. The reasons for such reticence in the case of the Dukas are clear enough: After a twenty-six-minute sequence of three movements on Side 1, the turnover reveals a finale of fourteen further minutes. Forty minutes of single-minded piano writing, save for the Beethoven of the *Diabelli* Variations, is a lengthy stretch.

It is not alleviated by the complexities of Dukas's writing, beautifully as they are articulated by Pleshakov on a fine-sounding Mason and Hamlin grand piano. The style of writing is curiously akin to that of César Franck (with whom Dukas did *not* study), which is to say elaborate figuration, inner voices, and contrapuntal interplay. Even more curious, this is as much of Franck as Dukas chose to utilize—limited chromaticism, a lifting rather than falling musical line, and many other attributes are all his own. It is hardly a work to evaluate at a first hearing, or through a resampling of particular passages. If it does not engender love immediately, it disposes a kind of musicality, esthetic intent, and richness of resource that invite repeated hearings.

The Dances of Chausson, dating from 1896 (he died, as is well known, in a cycling accident a few years later), are much easier to appreciate as well as to enjoy. Included are a Sarabande, a Pavane, and a Forlane, all embodying, in the words of the performer, "subdued brilliance, a laconic virtuosity [with] a fine blend of logic and fantasy, of reticence and melancholy. . . ." This suggests that Pleshakov is as good at the typewriter as he is at the keyboard, which is to say very good.

James King in Vienna (Mostly)

LEHAR: *"Freunde, das Leben ist lebenswert" and "Du bist meine Sonne" (Giuditta); "O Mädchen, mein Mädchen" (Friederika); "Dein ist mein ganzes Herz" (Land des Lächelns).* TAUBER: *"Du bist die Welt."* STRAUSS: *"Komm, in die Gondel" (Nacht in Venedig).* STOLZ: *"Corrida."* MEISEL: *"Schön ist jeder Tag."* GEEHL: *"Für dich allein."* NEVIN: *"Der Rosenkranz."* DE CURTIS: *"Vergiss mein nicht."* LARA: *"Granada." James King, tenor; with the Berlin Symphony directed by Hans Carste.* London stereo, OS 26153, $5.98.

WILL JAMES KING ever make it? That question is not directed to the financial success of his career, which seems securely under control, as it well should be for a tenor with his power, durability, and dependability. The question is, however, whether with all his power, durability, and dependability King will ever reach that stage of artistry in which he can be counted to do well whatever he chooses to undertake. So far it hasn't happened, and the years are beginning to lengthen out since he emerged from Louisiana University and an early career as a baritone to the world stage as a tenor of such parts as Florestan in *Fidelio,* Siegmund in *Die Walküre,* Calaf in *Turandot,* and, especially, the Emperor in Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten.*

Part of the problem would appear to be contained in the roles listed above. A singer, no more than anyone else, cannot be all things to all people and still command admiration. The point is simply: Does King think of himself as another Richard Tauber, Franz Völker, Jussi Bjoerling, or Lauritz Melchior? Probably the answer would be that he thinks of himself just as James King—which is reasonable enough—in which case he should find his best area of operation and cultivate it intensively.

In these twelve items, one is torn between delight with the brightness and beauty of the vocal timbre and distress with his failure to get more out of its use in "O Mädchen, mein Mädchen" or "Komm, in die Gondel." With slight variations here and there—as in the song of De Curtis here identified as "Vergiss mein nicht," but which is more likely "Non ti scordar di me"—the dynamic range is from *forte* to *fortissimo,* depending on whether the tone is in the mid or top range, at the beginning or the end of a selection. The kind of emotion with which Tauber imbued his Lehár is lacking, which is hardly surprising; but it is surprising that King cannot offer in its place something comparable of his own.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report
Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G major. Artur Schnabel, piano; with Frederick Stock conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victrola mono, VIC-1505, $2.98.	So far as the LP catalogue is concerned, this is a "new" Schnabel Beethoven Fourth Concerto, long by-passed because of favor to the somewhat later (1947) version in which the pianist was associated with Issay Dobrowen and the early Philharmonia Orchestra. The Chicago version is partial to more impulsive tempi, and if it is not the completely poised, brooded-over result to be heard in the collaboration with Dobrowen, it is a compelling experience on its own. What it does have that is distinctly its own is the beautifully complementary, altogether idiomatic sound of the orchestral part under the direction of Stock. This is due in no small part to the mellow, unforced quality of sound the orchestra—especially the strings—had developed during decades of indoctrination under the same conductor. The reproduced sound has an "earlier" character than the postwar HMV (Dobrowen-Philharmonia), but it is a distinct improvement on its 78-rpm predecessor (V-set 930) and, at the modest asking price, a decidedly advantageous pickup in this Beethoven year.
Beethoven: Overtures to *Leonore*, Nos. 1, 2, and 3; *Fidelio* Overture; *König Stephan*; *Die Ruinen von Athen*; *Egmont*; *Creatures of Prometheus*; *Coriolan*; *Namensfeier*; *Die Weihe des Hauses*. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DGG stereo, 2707 046 (two discs), $10.96.	For those who do not consider themselves customers for the seventy-five-disc omnibus of all of Beethoven's published works to be issued by DGG before the year's end, this pair of records may be commended as the best of its kind to date and very likely unsurpassable in the near future. As is the case with any such comprehensive coverage, some concession in individual excellence must be made on behalf of unity and convenience. However, as Karajan's credentials for dealing with the biggest and most challenging in the sequence—the *Leonores*, *Coriolan*, *Egmont*, and *Weihe des Hauses*—are gilt-edged, the shortcomings in others are only in terms of the high standards achieved elsewhere. Doubtless, some will continue to cherish other versions of individual works (ranging from Menuhin's *Creatures of Prometheus* to Toscanini's *Leonore* No. 3), but for quality, convenience, and accessibility these two discs (well-housed in a two-pocket, fold-over jacket) are eminently desirable. The groupings, necessarily arbitrary, are not without logic: all the *Leonores* and the *Fidelio* Overture on the first disc; three short ones (*Prometheus*, *König Stephan*, *Ruinen von Athen*) followed by the *Egmont* on Side 3, and the *Coriolan*, *Namensfeier*, and *Weihe des Hauses* on the last side.
Chapí: Overture to *La Revoltosa*. **Massenet:** "Meditation" from *Thaïs*. **Verdi:** Ballet Music from *Otello*. **Wolf-Ferrari:** Intermezzo from *I Quattro Rusteghi*. **Tchaikovsky:** "Marche miniature" from Suite No. 1 (in D minor); "Cossack Dance" from *Mazeppa*; "June" from *The Months*. **Rimsky-Korsakov:** Overture to *The Tsar's Bride*. Andre Kostelanetz conducting. Columbia stereo, MS 7427, $5.98.	Andre Kostelanetz's ability to discover or rediscover interesting musical matter that has been passed over or forgotten is no new faculty; what is continuously new is his facility in remixing the old and producing still new results. It may strike some as stretching truth to include Massenet's "Meditation" among music discovered or rediscovered, but when was the last time it was recorded as written, with orchestra? Here it is in all its cyclamate sweetness. My preference would have been to position it otherwise than between Chapí and Verdi, the more easy to avoid it; but it can be muted with a flick of the volume control and the intervening grooves taken as an intermission. The Verdi, to be sure, is make-do (a concession to the balletic needs of Paris for the production of *Otello* there), although some traces of Iago's "Il Sogno" and some matter of the Act I "Fuoco di gioia" creep into it. The Russian material is all welcome, and as well performed as everything else. However, Tchaikovsky did much better by the "Cossack Dance" of *Mazeppa* when he rewrote it as the "Trepak" in Act II of *The Nutcracker*. For that matter, the "Marche miniature" turns out to be a predecessor of the much better piece of the same name, also in *The Nutcracker*.
Copland: *Inscape; Connotations for Orchestra*. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia stereo, MS 7431, $5.98.	To my ears, these works utilizing serial combinations are more a beginning for Copland than an end. That is, the search for a "new" means of orienting his expression hasn't yielded an extension of Copland's expressive powers or his ability to involve the listener with his ideas. There are, from time to time, rhythmic outbursts, dynamic ejaculations that recall the self-characterization Copland achieved in other works, but here they strike me as mannerisms rather than outgrowths of the ideas employed. In the liner notes, Copland is quoted as saying of the serial method (as separate from the esthetic of its use, which he has redefined for himself): "Here was a new way of moving tones about that had a freshening effect on one's technique and approach. This, to me, was and remains the principal attraction of serial writing." This is a curious statement from a man whose attitude some years ago was the need for an "audience," that American composers couldn't function in a "vacuum." This direction would seem to assure him eventual arrival in the vacuum rather than at an audience. The performances are of high quality, the *Connotations* endowed with crowd reaction—applause—that suggests it is derived from the 1962 performance at the opening of Philharmonic Hall.
Schoenberg: Variations, Opus 31. Hans Rosbaud conducting the SWD Rundfunk Orchester. Variations on a Recitative, Op. 40. Gerd Zacher, organ. Heliodor stereo, ERGO 25490008, $4.98.	From the lack of reference to the origins of this version of the Variations either on the liner or on the extended sheet of notes inside it, one might conclude that it was a contemporary product rather than at least a decade old (Rosbaud died in 1963). In this instance, this is not a complaint of deception but rather citation of an oversight, for Rosbaud had a distinguished record as a proponent of experimental music of all kinds, Schoenberg especially. Thus, this well-considered, carefully wrought version of the Variations has a special value of its own in the context of more recent ones by Craft and Mehta. To me it comes out intellectually arousing, emotionally arid. The Variations of 1941 are somewhat more engaging in their somber way, enhanced by Zacher's nearly colorless fulfillment of the composer's stated purpose. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Observations and Reservations About Four-Channel

In the past few weeks, I've been beset by almost constant demonstrations of four-channel sound. I'd estimate that perhaps one in six of these has justified my own belief that quadriphonic sound eventually will prove itself a worthwhile advance over current stereo. It will take a while for recording engineers to learn how to make four-channel recordings well, for manufacturers to learn how best to play back those recordings, and for dealers to learn how to duplicate those results in their stores.

Within the next few months, I hope to amass enough four-channel recordings and equipment to evaluate fairly the system's infancy; perhaps next year I will be able to report, if not on its maturity, at least on its adolescence.

But it's already possible to buy yourself a four-channel system—or convert your old one (but that's a different article). And if the dealers buy what they saw at the Consumer Electronic Show a month ago (and if the manufacturers eventually deliver it), there will be quite a choice of gear available.

So far, two quadriphonic amplifiers have been shown: Scott's 499, a 4x35-watt amplifier, is available right now; Fisher's Model 701 4x40-watt receiver (reported here last month) should be available shortly. The Fisher unit has a pseudo-4x enhancing circuit for conventional stereo recordings.

Since the only four-channel program material available as yet is the handful of Vanguard tapes, it's no surprise that most of the quadriphonic program source equipment shown was in the form of reel-to-reel recorders. Available now are the 10.5-inch-reel Crown, two Telex models (one, at $250, requiring tape head inputs, which the Scott amp has, but the Fisher 701 doesn't), two Wollensaks (both with the sweetest controls this side of solenoid pushbuttons), and three TEAC decks with automatic reverse of two-channel tapes.

Many other firms showed prototypes, some to garner reactions, others to get orders. Among the ones I spotted were Ampex, Astrocom-Marlux, Concord, JVC, Roberts, Sony, and Uher—and I may well have missed some.

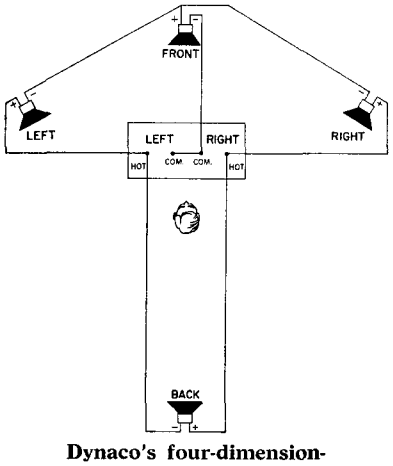
Of these, the one that interested me most was the Astrocom 711; I've been wishing since last year for a four-channel machine with 10.5-inch-reel capacity, automatic reverse on two-channel playback, and relay operation with remote control—all of which the Astrocom provides. (If you want the reel size but don't need the auto reverse, Sony at least will have one soon.) Hopefully, the 711 will be available this fall, and I will have a chance to play with and report on it.

But if all the quadriphonic tapes are reel-to-reel, not all of the machines are. RCA (who did not exhibit at the CES) announced its four-channel, eight-track ("Quad-8") system to the trade press several weeks before the show and to the consumer media several days before the opening. And well it was for them that they announced early. For at the show itself, Quad-8 units showed up from Hitachi, Motorola, Telex, and Toyo. Of these, all but Telex and RCA make units for the car (Motorola's Quad-8 auto units are apparently produced in cooperation of some sort with RCA); both Toyo and Telex also have four-channel record units.

Quad-8 will cost less than reel-to-reel (though its quality will be less, too); more important to its future success perhaps is the fact that RCA has pledged to have no fewer than thirty Quad-8 cartridge titles on the market by September, and 120 by the year's end—far more than the reeled quadriphonic repertoire.

Of course, the cassette system was well represented in the quadriphonic ranks (one wishes by now for some other word, or that Quad were not already a brand name of repute). I spotted such cassette units at Wollensak, Astrocom-Marlux, and Norelco.

Ordinarily, the Astrocom would have garnered most of my attention. It featured auto reverse, solenoid controls (with optional remote), three motors, and a bias switch, selecting proper operating characteristics for either low-noise or the new chromium dioxide cassette tapes (of which more next month). But the presence of a Philips cassette unit at the Norelco booth was probably more significant in that it quashed the industry rumors that Philips would not license cassette for four-channel systems. (The Norelco unit seemed to have a staggered-head system, which struck me as curious, but making more sense in cassette than reel-to-reel tapes.)



Dynaco's four-dimensional compatible system.

Unless you count the Scheiber system (of which more in just a moment), there were no apparent tries at disc four-channel reproduction. But there was something to report on the "Quadraplex" FM front: Mikado Electronics showed the Dorren Quadraplex system, which claims to provide full audio response, separation, and compatibility, all with no change in the FCC rules. I don't know any of the technical details (they won't be released until after testing over San Francisco's K-101 FM station). I am impressed that one of Dorren's best-known competitors, Len Feldman (of the Halstead-Feldman system), is "willing to bow gracefully out" in Dorren's favor.

There were at least two four-channel synthesizers shown at CES as well: the Harman-Kardon (reported here last month) and a Sansui unit. The Sansui has an *electronic* time delay (no springs to bong or jangle) and a switch that can rotate the "front" speaker plane by 90 or 180 degrees.

In the interim between the writing and the printing of last month's column, I finally heard a fairly good demonstration of the Scheiber system. It works exactly as advertised—that is, it gives good separation between discrete sources (e.g., soloists or separate groups at each microphone position), fair separation when the sound is spread between the speakers (as in virtually all the classics).

Lastly, there is the Dyna system. Though it was described in brief here last month (there's a full account in the July *Audio*), a picture is worth at least a few words, and a diagram of the Dyna system is hereby appended.

More on the CES next month.

—IVAN BERGER

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Borodin: Quintet in C minor. **Mendelssohn:** Sextet in D, Op. 110. Members of the Vienna Octet. London stereo, MS 6636, $4.98.	Though the Mendelssohn Sextet (Walter Panhoffer, piano; Anton Fieta, violin; Gunther Breitenbach and Wilhelm Hübner, violas; Ferenc Mihaly, cello; and Burghard Kräutler, double bass) is given priority of listing over Borodin, it is the latter, with its color, verve, and melodic appeal, that dominates the disc. (The players are the same as in the Mendelssohn, save that Hübner plays second violin and there is no double bass.) The Quintet, written in Borodin's *Wanderjahr* in Italy before he became an assistant professor in chemistry in 1862, is one of the earliest examples of his musical talent to be generally circulated. It is full of incipient Borodinism, here disciplined to a formal pattern not unlike Schumann's Quintet. It would be some time before those melodic urges and harmonic riches would be freed to assert themselves as they would in the much better known works, but the score is full of charm, invention, and rhythmic impulse, nevertheless. The performance is first-rate. The players work equally hard at the Mendelssohn, which is a product of his fifteenth year, piano-dominated, and rather glib. Panhoffer and company are obviously well matched in their musical tastes, and the performance moves briskly through its length (except, of course, in the brief Adagio).
Field, John: Nocturnes, Nos. 1-19. Mary Louise Boehm, piano. Turnabout stereo, TV-S 34 49-50, $2.98.	This well-planned, capably executed venture develops in greater detail and with far more persuasion than any other disc the distinctions of John Field, as well as the profound relationship of his work to the later writings of Chopin. Whereas most Field previously encountered in reproduced form had provided ample evidence for basing generalized conclusions about the effect of his pioneering of the nocturne on the results subsequently achieved by Chopin, this methodical step-by-step re-creation of Field's work yields specific instance after specific instance of not merely means but matter that were used by Chopin. Aside from this fundamental first fact, the four sides are replete with individualized musical thinking, sometimes a little too languid and invertebrate to possess durable interest on their own, but productive here and there of total artistic success. Miss Boehm's pianism is careful, competent, and always motivated by concern for the composer's best interest, but it does not always communicate the sparkle or magnetism latent in Field's best ideas. The contemporary piano utilized has been well reproduced, but the sound strikes me as brighter, less atmospheric than the best results would have required. (Field's own preference was for the square, or cottage, piano of his time.)
Paganini: Variations on a Theme of Joseph Weigl; Introduction and Variations on "Nel cor più non mi sento." **Locatelli:** *The Harmonic Labyrinth.* **Ernst:** *Hungarian Airs,* Op. 22. **Vecsey:** Caprice No. 1 *(The Wind).* **Wieniawski:** Variations on the Austrian National Anthem. **Paganini:** Variations on "God Save the Queen." **Ernst:** Variations on "The Last Rose of Summer." Ruggiero Ricci, violin; with Leon Pommers, piano. Decca stereo, DL 710172, $5.98.	The only thing Ruggiero Ricci can do to top the demonstration of violinistic virtuosity on this disc is to program all or a substantial part of the eight items for a concert hall recital and prove that he can do it "live" as well as recorded. It is, within my range of experience, the most death-defying, risk-taking, disaster-inviting compendium of music for the violin to be put together into one problem-laden bundle. To be sure, Ricci had the option of approval or rejection in the playback stage, but there must have been times when the option tended more to rejection of the whole project than approval of any part of it. What in the end wins the listening-ear stamp of approval is not merely the wizard demonstration of control over right- and left-hand mechanics — touching on such random complications as left-hand *pizzicati,* trills in thirds and sixths, *staccati* in all sizes and styles—but the ability to make them all part of a musical experience where and whenever possible. Where the matter at issue is Wieniawski's Variations on the Austrian National Anthem, the musical content is as hard to find as a dead log under the encrustation of moss; but in *The Harmonic Labyrinth* of Locatelli and Ernst's *Hungarian Airs,* Ricci applies a flourish and a flair that make for rewarding as well as exciting listening.
Rameau: Suite in A minor. **Bach:** Concerto in the Italian Style. **Handel:** Air and Variations (from Suite No. 5 in E). William Read, harpsichord. RCA stereo, LSC 3157, $5.98.	Like the generality of harpsichordists, Read was a pianist, Juilliard trained and graduated. Unlike some others, he has transferred his muscular skills to the harpsichord, with special success in achieving highly differentiated lines in the right and left hands. This brings the corollary risk of striving for qualities of sound beyond the capacity of the instrument to produce. The instrument he plays (a Rutkowski and Robinette) is more responsive than most in the bass, from which issues a deep, well-formed resonance. He is also adept in ornamenting such a work as the *Harmonious Blacksmith* Variations, which he plays in duple—first as written, then with his own elaborations. All this is to the good and worth listening attention; where Read is less successful is in making what he plays stimulating, interesting, engaging, or whatever. There isn't a large sense of personal participation (in the action of the music rather than its formal design), nor an enlivening glimpse of purpose beneath the surface.
Wagner: "Träume," "Schmerzen"; "Winterstürme" *(Die Walküre);* "Nothung!" *(Siegfried);* "Am stillen Herd," "Morgenlich leuchtend" *(Die Meistersinger);* "In fernem Land" *(Lohengrin);* "Nur eine Waffe taugt" *(Parsifal).* Lauritz Melchior, tenor, with The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. "Schmiede" *(Siegfried);* "Steuermannslied" *(Der fliegende Holländer);* "Romerzählung" *(Tannhäuser).* Melchior, with Edwin McArthur conducting. RCA Victrola mono, VIC 1500, $2.98.	As any indoctrinated Melchiorite's would, my investigation started with Side 2, for there are to be found the performance of the two *Wesendonck Lieder,* never before issued in this country. These songs were written for the female voice—Isolde in prospect—and have not been ventured by a male singer since the days of Walther Kirchoff and John McCormack. Melchior sings them so beautifully, with so full a sense of content as well as of musical line, that one can only listen and enjoy. Though he had, by the time of this recording (April 1939), been singing dramatic roles for more than a decade, the voice still had the gleam and freshness that after his first New York recital in the late Twenties caused a prominent critic (Pitts Sanborn) to argue that Melchior had an even brighter future in the concert hall than in opera. All of the selections herein reproduced are from approximately the same period and mighty impressive still. —I.K.

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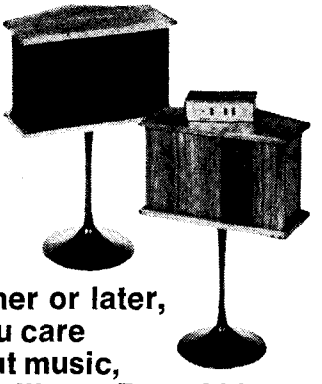
A Portuguese Passion

by HERBERT WEINSTOCK

In the geography of music and its history, Portugal is genuine *terra incognita,* except to a few Lusitanian specialists. Even for them, large areas of that territory are merely dotted with names followed by question marks. The average music lover will probably have heard of (or heard, if he has visited Portugal or Brazil) that Portuguese café and street song, the *fado.* But to know nothing of Portuguese music but the *fado* must be equivalent to knowing nothing of Spanish music but *cante hondo.* Happily, Deutsche Grammophon's Archiv series has turned up with what is said to be the only known Portuguese setting of a Passion: *La Passione di Gesù Cristo,* composed—almost certainly in the late decades of the eighteenth century—by João Pedro de Almeida Motta (Archiv stereo, 2710 009, $5.98). This is a setting of a Metastasio text written at the command of the Emperor Charles VI and first set to music by Antonio Caldara and sung at Vienna in 1730.

No mere curiosity, the Passion is an admirable, often very deeply felt composition for soprano, tenor, baritone, bass, mixed chorus, and an orchestra of two oboes, two horns, two trumpets, two bassoons, strings, and harpsichord continuo. The well-preserved manuscript was recovered a few years ago in the music library of the ducal palace of Vila Viçosa; this complete recording of it is one result of constant, extensive service to Portuguese music by the Gulbenkian Foundation. The music is very Italianate: Only a very special specialist might be able to point out in it genuine Portuguese stylistic or other elements. Highly responsive to Metastasio's text, it is at times vigorously theatrical, at others religiously emotional (at some junctures, somewhat oversentimentally so). Almeida Motta clearly was a highly trained, professional composer, and the results of his studies and of his extremely careful workmanship constantly mark this music. One must hazard the guess that the arrow of his heart pointed at the opera house rather than the cathedral.

The performance, conducted by Gianfranco Rivoli, with the Gulbenkian Chorus and Chamber Orchestra, is entirely convincing, at times brilliant. Particularly expressive are the harpsichord playing of Cremilde Rosado Fernandes and the singing of the Lebanese soprano Luisa Bosabalian (Mary Magdalene), the baritone Benjamin Luxon (Peter), and the bass Richard Angas (Joseph of Arimathea); that of tenor Fernando Serafima (as John) is intermittently less good, because very high notes drive him to strain and to pinch his voice. No great singing—and perhaps none required. Instead, the winning performance of a late-eighteenth-century Passion that is prevailingly admirable and rewarding—but that, unhappily, does nothing at all to tell what may have been really *Portuguese* about Portuguese composers of the past, as most of it would not sound misplaced in a good minor Italian opera of the same era. The recording as such is particularly excellent in depth and definition, as well as in the balancing of voices against instruments. The booklet accompanying the three records not only is handsome but supplies valuable information about the composition, Metastasio, and the performing artists; it cannot supply information about Almeida Motta, because nothing whatever seems to be known about him. The full Metastasio text is given in the original Italian—and in German, English, and French translations.



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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Billy Butler: *Guitar Soul.* Butler, guitar and bass guitar; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone and flute; Sonny Phillips, organ; Bob Bushnell, Fender bass; Specs Powell, drums. Prestige stereo, S-7734, $4.98.	This album convincingly demonstrates that Butler is one of the most versatile guitarists around. It opens with a long train blues on which his use of the wa-wa pedal admirably complements Seldon Powell's amplified tenor saxophone. "Honky Tonk," in a somewhat similar vein, is an authentic re-creation, for the guitarist played a large part in the composition and original performance of the Bill Doggett hit. Most of the other numbers are tributes to musicians Butler admires: a medley on unamplified guitar salutes Johnny Smith; "The Thumb," on bass guitar, is for its composer, the late Wes Montgomery; "Golden Earrings," on the classical guitar, reflects the influence of first George Van Eps and then Django Reinhardt, the Reinhardt section after Powell enters on drums being especially brilliant; and for outright swing there is Charlie Christian and "Seven Come Eleven."
Don Byas and Ben Webster: *Don Byas Meets Ben Webster.* Byas and Webster, tenor saxophone; Tete Montoliu, piano; Peter Trunk, bass; Al "Tootie" Heath, drums. Prestige stereo, S-7692, $4.98.	The high promise of an encounter between these two giants of the tenor saxophone is not realized here. There are occasional good passages, and rather more of uninspired playing. Webster is unmistakably himself, but Byas seems to have listened too long to younger, popular musicians. Idiomatic differences are particularly noticeable in their dialogues, where continuity of communication is a victim. The rhythm section does not impress as a unit, although Montoliu, a Catalan, plays several relaxed and lyrical solos.
Ray Charles: *My Kind of Jazz.* Charles, piano and vocal, with big band featuring Blue Mitchell, Bobby Bryant, trumpet; Glen Childress, trombone; Curtis Peagler, alto saxophone; Andy Ennis, Clifford Scott, Albert McQueen, tenor saxophone; LeRoy Cooper, baritone saxophone; Cloyd Miller, oboe; James Martin, guitar; Edgar Willis, bass. Tangerine stereo, TRCS-1512, $4.98.	This set consists of nine instrumentals and "Booty-Butt," on which Charles sings briefly and humorously. He plays a number of crisp, incisive piano solos, and all of them might have been longer. Bryant is showcased in "I Remember Clifford" and is responsible for the high-note excursion at the end of "Pas-se-o-ne Blues," the other trumpet solos being by Mitchell. The saxophonists Peagler and Scott make striking personal statements on "This Here" and "Pas-se-o-ne Blues" respectively, but it is LeRoy Cooper who impresses most, both as a soloist and in the ensemble. His part is well recorded in the last four titles, which show off a fine band to advantage. The arrangers, who certainly deserve credit, are unfortunately not identified, though ample space is available.
Miles Davis: *Bitches Brew.* Davis, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, soprano saxophone; Benny Maupin, bass clarinet; Chick Corea, Joe Zawinul, Larry Young, electric piano; John McLaughlin, electric guitar; Dave Holland, bass; Harvey Brooks, Fender bass; Lenny White, Jack De Johnette, Charles Alias, drums; Jim Riley, percussion. Columbia stereo, GP-26 (two records), $5.98.	The long duration of Davis's popularity is not easily explained, but it has not been bought by the usual methods the record industry finds necessary: by the assiduous cultivation of disc jockeys or by his playing the inappropriate hits of the teen-age market. The battery of electronic instruments employed here, the garish cover, and the album's title may well have helped the huge sales the set has enjoyed, but there is essentially no musical compromise. Davis does his "thang." And so does the remarkable rhythm section, with both sophisticated subtlety and pronounced collective vitality. Most of the tracks are very long, but for a sampling try "Spanish Key" or "Miles Runs the Voodoo Down." Maupin's bass clarinet and Shorter's wailing soprano saxophone must also be mentioned as intriguing ingredients in this unorthodox ensemble.
Johnny Hodges: *Three Shades of Blue.* Hodges, alto saxophone; Leon Thomas, vocal; Oliver Nelson, arranger and conductor, with seventeen-piece band. Flying Dutchman stereo, FDS-120, $5.95.	Although a considerable number of unissued recordings by Hodges exist, this set contains the last two sessions made under his leadership. His playing is superb, particularly on "Echoes of Harlem" and "Creole Love Call," two numbers with which he was extremely familiar as a result of his long Ellington association. There is absolutely no suggestion of any decline in tone, execution, spirit, or invention. How many jazz musicians have been able to maintain their standards so successfully over a long period as he did? Only Ellington himself and Earl Hines come readily to mind. Hines plays on one session here as a sideman (a final expression, as it turned out, of his affection for Hodges), and he has a chorus to himself on "It's Glory," a number Hodges originally recorded with Ellington in 1931. Al Grey, a trombonist with an excellent understanding of the plunger mute's potential, also distinguishes himself.
Cliff Jackson: *Parlor Social Piano.* Jackson, piano. Fat Cat Jazz stereo, FCJ-107, $5.	Like Johnny Hodges, Cliff Jackson died in May. His specialty was "stride piano," and as his widow (Maxine Sullivan) indicates in the liner notes, he had "been playing it for fifty years." Jackson preserved both the form and the spirit in his interpretations, and his program here consists of only the kind of compositions he liked to play, by such writers as James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, Spencer Williams, Duke Ellington, Don Redman, W. C. Handy, and Edgar Sampson. The music appears to have been recorded at more than one session, for on some tracks the piano sounds markedly inferior. The uncredited vocals—one on each side—are presumably further instances of the label's proprietor's exercising his seigneurial rights.
Jimmy Smith: *Groove Drops.* Smith, organ; Johnny Pate, arranger and conductor, with big band. Verve stereo, V6-8794, $5.98.	This album confirms Smith's continuing leadership of the organ school he founded. The mood is generally restrained, at least as compared with that in most of his earlier work. The taste and craftsmanship of Pate's arrangements are exemplary, the writing for trombones being particularly warm and effective. There is a reflective ballad performance on each side, but the other four titles are confidently swung at well-chosen medium tempi. The record's high spot is the sensitive interplay between organ and guitar on "Ode to Billy Joe."
Clark Terry: *At the Montreux Jazz Festival.* Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn, and vocal; Ernie Wilkins, tenor saxophone and arranger; with big band. Polydor stereo, 24 5002, $4.98.	It is slightly ridiculous that Terry's first album in over two years should have to be made in Switzerland, but such is the case, and such are our benighted times. He is, of course, one of the great trumpet players of the century: fluent, accurate, and imaginative. Here he heads an enthusiastic band of capable young musicians from a dozen European countries in performances of arrangements by Ernie Wilkins. He plays trumpet, pocket trumpet, and flugelhorn, muted and open; he duets with himself on trumpet and flugelhorn and sings on two tracks. The live recording enhances this souvenir of a very happy occasion. —STANLEY DANCE.

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The Other Side

Thomas Heinitz

Phoenix at Snape—Festival of Britten

LONDON.

SUMMER CAME this year to England with dramatic suddenness, its precipitate arrival after barely a hint of spring curiously underlined by a widespread rise in the national blood pressure due to such unseasonal diversions as a general election with an unexpected outcome and the Soccer World Cup, with somewhat the same results. But for those able to interrupt attention to these absorbing occurrences, there were refuges of calm and quiet in the idyllic surroundings of Sussex, where the Glyndebourne season opened with another Cavalli opera, *La Calisto,* and in Suffolk, where Phoenix-like a new Maltings concert hall has risen from the ashes of its predecessor.

For the second time, Queen Elizabeth was present to preside over an opening at Snape. The hall, destroyed in the disastrous fire following the opening concert of last summer's festival, has been completely rebuilt and, indeed, improved in all kinds of details during the past year. Everyone agrees that the acoustics are as wonderful as ever. After this opening concert, aptly described as "Music for a Royal Occasion" (it included works by Henry VIII, Byrd, Purcell, Mendelssohn, and Britten), the serious business of the festival began with the production of Mozart's *Idomeneo* that, last year, had to be transferred in a matter of hours to the lovely old church at Blythburgh, and that reached its intended auditorium just a year late. Conducted by Britten and with Peter Pears in the title role, this splendid production reveals the opera as one of Mozart's supreme achievements—a work that, perhaps to a greater extent than the famous comedies which followed it, points the way toward the great dramas Mozart might have given us had he been granted another decade or two. It seems a shame that because the work was sung in English this production (which already had been seen on TV about a month earlier) is unlikely to be recorded. Though we already have two admirable versions of *Idomeneo* on discs (the Glyndebourne set of the mid-Fifties and the more recent Philips, conducted by Colin Davis), Britten differs from both of these by assigning the *castrato* role of Idamante to a soprano, thereby restoring the part to the correct pitch.

Decca, the company most closely associated with Britten and the Aldeburgh Festival, this month celebrates the composer and his festival with a wealth of outstanding recordings, several of these devoted to recent compositions which appear on disc for the first time. Pride of place undoubtedly belongs to *The Prodigal Son,* the last of Britten's triptych of church operas and, to my mind, a masterpiece of the first water. Anyone familiar with its two predecessors, *Curlew River* and *The Burning Fiery Furnace,* will instantly recognize its form, its dramatic devices, and its musical idiom; yet within that common framework Britten once again achieves miracles of expression and beauty with the utmost economy of means. The performance, recorded in the by-now recognizable acoustics of Orford Church, is beyond praise, with marvelous contributions from Peter Pears, Robert Tear, John Shirley-Quirk, and eight brilliant instrumental soloists, while Decca's achievement in fitting the seventy-minute work on a single disc is astonishing.

During the Sixties Britten's friendship with and admiration for the cellist Rostropovich gave rise to several important compositions, among them the Cello Symphony and the Sonata for Cello and Piano. He also wrote for Rostropovich two fascinating and beautiful Suites for Solo Cello, and these are now brilliantly performed by their dedicatee and superlatively recorded on another Decca disc. Yet a third brings us Britten's Pushkin cycle, *The Poet's Echo,* which he wrote for Rostropovich (who is, of course, also a fine pianist) and his wife, soprano Galina Vishnevskaya, five years ago in the course of a prolonged stay in Russia. This beautiful cycle, which I heard Pears and Britten perform in an English version some while ago, is now recorded in its original form by the artists for whom it was conceived, the coupling bringing us some half-dozen of Tchaikovsky's finest songs. To complete its Festival of Britten, Decca has also reissued on its cheap Eclipse label a collection of English songs sung by Peter Pears, accompanied by Julian Bream and Britten, while another bargain disc, entitled *The World of Benjamin Britten,* is a kind of sampler for the uninitiated, containing as it does short excerpts from many of his best compositions. In addition, there is a disc of highlights from the complete recording of the opera *Billy Budd.*

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

Louie and the Jazz Revolution

I PLAYED CORNET in jazz bands during the Thirties and like all brass men have always worshiped "Louie." Thanks for the fine articles on his seventieth birthday [*SR*, July 4]. I'd like to add my two favorite stories about him. Someone once asked him what "swing" was, and he said, "It's the way I think a tune ought to go." Also, someone (Hackett, I believe) said he'd been waiting a long time to hear Louie in person, and after that glorious night he said, "I've never been the same since."

RALPH OSBORN,
Raymondville, Tex.

AS ONE WHO wasted much of Milt Gabler's and Jack Crystal's time in the good old days at the Commodore Music Shop, I especially enjoyed the picture on page 18 of the July 4 issue. I want to identify one of the "unidentifiable fans," the one in the rear with glasses and a cigar in his mouth. He's Dr. Herbert Hill, national labor secretary of the NAACP, who was on the store's staff at the time. It will always be with pleasure that I think of that crew—we were friends as well as merchant-customer related—and the verbal battles regarding who was the greatest—Louis, Bix, or Bunk—still ring in my ears.

HAROLD DROB,
Mill Valley, Calif.

YOUR ARTICLES on "Satchmo" told me: 1) that, my untrained musical ear really did hear something great when he played; 2) that, although I knew he was great, I didn't realize how great he is; and 3) that the impact he has made on me as a jazz enthusiast was nothing compared to his impact on the whole musical world—in fact, the whole world.

ETHAN JANOVE,
Muncie, Ind.

I THOUGHT Louie said, "If you have to ask, you ain't got it!" [as opposed to "If you have to ask, you'll never know," as reported in "The Father and His Flock," *SR*, July 4].

VIRGINIA CROON,
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Louie rarely played the same chorus twice. Hence, he often "swung" his answer to the much-asked question as he did variations on a tune.*

Eyes of the Critic

RE: Robert Jacobson's review "'Martha' with Merits" [*SR*, May 30]: I suspect the "disastrous" production of *Martha* at the Met nine years ago was a disaster in the eyes of the critics only, not the public. I taped the broadcast performance of that production and still enjoy its dialogue more than that of any other performance I have heard of that opera, live or recorded.

And while I am at it, I wish to state that I hope sometime to read a review of a tuneful opera by some lesser composer—such as von Flotow, Delibes, Bellini, or Rossini—without the usual snide remarks or patronizing attitude which critics use in writing about anything not composed by Mozart, Wagner, or Puccini. The reviewers take pains to point out the absurd plots of the lesser operas, but always manage to explain similar absurdities in works by Wagner or Mozart as being symbolic or showing the composer's finesse at caricaturing human nature.

In *Don Giovanni*, besides the "switched hats" deal that completely confuses Elvira, the "avengers" are so inept they couldn't find a horse in a telephone booth, and the zippered-up mouths, padlocks, and magnets in other Mozart operas would send the reviewers screaming if such situations appeared in works of less-thought-of composers. Also, in Wagner's operas, the love potion, hate potion, or "I don't know what's come over me" potion pops up to solve a dilemma as predictably as the Asp or Punjab arrives in the nick of time to rescue Daddy Warbucks of Little Orphan Annie fame. Isolde couldn't lie down and die of heartbreak any more than Lucia could, yet the audience is supposed to sneer at Lucia and swoon over Isolde.

MISS CATHERINE A. HURLBUTT,
Denver, Colo.

The Price of Price

HOW DO the weekly orchestral costs of $46,000 mentioned in Irving Kolodin's "How Long Can the Met Survive?" [*SR*, Dec. 27] compare with the salary received in one week by one of the opera stars, say a Leontyne Price? Can the Met survive? Could any opera company survive the high prices paid to a few artists each night? I wish you would document in a later article the proportion of the budget per production allowed for musicians (including orchestra, chorus, ballet, and solo artists) and show just what fraction of it is paid to the solo performers—and whether this does not have a great effect on the total cost of each performance; and whether it is really justified, when so many others are involved in making a performance great.

ROBERT WAYNE,
Merced, Calif.

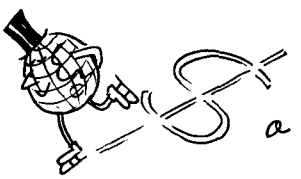
EDITOR'S NOTE: *The answer is a simple one. The "name performers" receive a much smaller share of the operatic pie than in former times. Chaliapin's top fee of $5,000 for one performance has no parallel today, even numerically; in purchasing power it is several times that received by top performers today (even without regard for taxes). Caruso's $2,500 (again without consequential taxes) bought, in 1920, several times more than the fee paid to a top tenor today, even if the numbers are more impressive. Take the taxes out of the fee and the numbers lose a good deal of their impressiveness.*

Living High

Continued from page 14

and unspotted life. Indeed, a life without commitment to others, without dedication to a purpose beyond ourselves, and without a close partnership is only half a life. No man is an island, and no woman, either. With few exceptions, each finds meaning and fulfillment only in relation to the other. I believe that form and style and dignity enhance the value of most relationships as surely as exploitation of others diminishes it.

Much of what we call chance or fate is of our own making and rests with our personal proclivities—many of them unconscious. It is up to us, therefore, to become as aware as we can of our deeper selves, of our hidden motives, of our automatically repetitive reactions, of our glib rationalizations, and of those other devices we invoke in order to conceal the truth from our-



selves. And we should become aware, as well, if we can, of those talents and creative forces that slumber within most of us. When these are awakened, we may be surprised at what we can do. But the quality of a man matters more than his achievement.

Much will depend on our wit and wisdom. Wit and wisdom somehow belong together. They are the partners of a good life, when combined with a capacity for love. One learns about love from the women in one's life. I have learned that love in all its meanings of *philia, agape,* and *eros* gives life its point; love that manifests itself in the wonder of great and good and intelligent men and women, in creativeness, and in that organizing principle that makes for whole individuals, whole societies, and, eventually, hopefully even for a society of the world.

We are all goal-seeking organisms. Unless we define our goals, we shall not even come near them. The acquisition of wisdom is, I believe, the proper end of man's rational efforts. With wisdom we shall be able to look more

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 k, 2 l (*Midsummer Night's Dream*), 3h (*Magic Mountain*), 4j (*Around the World in 80 Days*), 5g (*Horse's Mouth*), 6a (*Cherry Orchard*), 7i, 8c (*Lord of the Flies*), 9e, 10 b (*Last Hurrah*), 11 f (*Man Who Came to Dinner*), 12 d (*Glass Menagerie*).

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deeply into ourselves and to accept responsibility for the evil as well as the good that is in us. From such a confrontation we can learn to mold ourselves and shape and reshape our destinies.

Although the world about us looks threatening and is full of cruelty, destruction, injustice, and vulgarity, I cannot be pessimistic or cynical. I follow William James, a meliorist to the end. But I have been lucky. I have enjoyed freedom and food enough and good health, and I have been close to people I love and who love me, and I have done the work I enjoy. Life is still good in spite of its chances and visitations. How I should feel, or what I should have learned from it, if I had been less fortunate, I cannot say. For countless people, life is darkened by poverty, loneliness, boredom, and despair, although some are able to rise above even these obstacles.

What I have written may sound too youthful and idealistic for a man of my years. High ideals in themselves do not make for a good life, although they are essential to it. Some of the most conspicuously selfish and vain people preach generosity, selflessness, and humility. It takes courage to have a good life, and it takes compassion. Courage and compassion are two of the cardinal virtues. I hope that I may yet acquire something of them. At eighty, perhaps there is still time. Like the old Vermont farmer who, when asked whether he had lived in his village all of his life, answered, "Not yit."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1406

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1406 will be found in the next issue.

VGHX JGHQ RMFH CMVXUJD-

SWU LWMF JGHSW SPMWQ

JMVHWU, SCHDBSUJU DWH

DNJ JM VDBY UJWDSTGJ SXJM

JGH TOJJHW.

—BMTDX NHDWUDBB UFSJG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1405

He is stupid, like all heartless people. For ideas do not come from the head but from the heart.
—HEINRICH HEINE.

London Letter

Continued from page 11

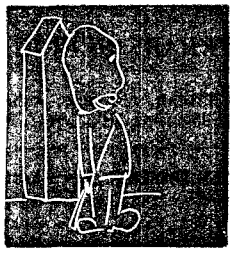
in the colours and columns and traceries of the Gothic aisle, a strange enchantment, a spiritual home."

It was in that church, in an abandoned oak chest, that Chatterton discovered some worn and discarded parchments of an age before, and they became the reason for his being. In a desperate effort to achieve some major recognition, he composed a group of histories and poems and declared them to be translations from the Old English of one Thomas Rowley, presumably a priest who had lived in the fifteenth century, but in fact a character who existed only in the fancy of Chatterton. He wrote the work first in the English of his own day. Then, partly out of his imagination and partly with the help of his parchment treasures, he formulated a dictionary that might have been current in Rowley's age, fabricating words and definitions, then translating what he had written into the Old English his Thomas Rowley might have used, finally copying some of the verses and prose on his church-found parchment as indisputable "proof" of his discovery. The translations were as fantastic in concept as they were specimens of brilliant prose and poetry. And not for mercenary reasons, merely for some word of approbation did Chatterton invent the deception.

He submitted to Horace Walpole a copy of his translation of Rowley's *History of Painting in England.* Walpole, already distinguished as a patron of arts and letters and deeply interested in antiquities, was greatly impressed, and encouraged his correspondent to continue his literary research. But not long thereafter, Walpole became suspicious and sent his copy of Chatterton's work to Thomas Gray, who pronounced it a fabrication; whereupon Walpole abruptly cut Chatterton off from further communication. It was certainly a cruel dismissal, coming from Walpole, who only a few years before had written a novel, *The Castle of Otranto,* asserting it to be a translation from the Italian but that, when doubt was cast on its authenticity, he finally admitted to be his own creation.

The questioning about Chatterton's translations of Rowley then began in earnest. Disputes were engendered. Disputes became wrangles. Scholars took sides. Universities fought. In time, hundreds of dissertations were in circulation, and books published, by partisans of Chatterton, who defended the Rowley poems as truly Rowley's. And other hundreds were being distributed by those who cried fraud. No bitterer literary controversy ever raged. It remained alive for more than a hundred years, being settled only and at last in 1891, when Walter W. Skeat, an eminent Cambridge professor and lexicographer, published his unassailable analysis of the Rowley works and translations and demonstrated them to be entirely the invention of Chatterton.

In the end, penniless, hungry, ignored by his former townsmen, repudiated by Walpole, Chatterton grubbed his way from Bristol to London to continue his struggle for existence. By then he had completed seventy-six poems,



some of them among the longest in the language, subsequently conceded to be his own; and forty-six—by far the better ones—he vowed were Rowley's; altogether, 1,600 pages of printed verse, besides his prose, pamphlets, and letters.

Beaten, pummeled by the materialistic world he tried to escape, too proud to beg, rejecting charity, within three months of his arrival in London, Chatterton took a dose of arsenic and died. He was all of seventeen years old. In a pocket of the tattered coat he wore, there was found a short verse he had jotted down a handful of hours before his death. It was addressed to Bristol, the city of his birth, and its citizens:

Farewell, Bristolia's dingy piles of brick,
Lovers of mammon, worshippers of trick!
Ye spurned the boy who gave you antique lays,
And paid for learning with your empty praise.
Farewell, ye guzzling aldermanic fools,
By nature fitted for corruption's tools!
I go to where celestial anthems swell;
But you, when you depart, will sink to hell.
Farewell, my mother! — cease, my anguished soul,
Nor let distraction's billows o'er me roll!
Have mercy, Heaven! when here I cease to live,
And this last act of wretchedness forgive.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 22: layers, relays, slayer.

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(Continued from page 59)

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CHARM, CUISINE and countryside color cause vibration in visitors there . . . Small wonder The Buccaneer is St. Croix's Number 1 Hotel. The Buccaneer, St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands. For reservations contact Ralph Locke, 315 East 72nd Street, Box T, New York City. 212-JU 6-3070.

JOHNSTON FARM MOTEL—Fields, woods, lake, horses, golf. Ludlow, Vermont 05149. Phone 802-228-3751.

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WRITERS' WORKSHOP year round at beautiful Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico. University credit, M.A. program, also intensive nonacademic course. Internationally prominent instructors, lectures. Creative study in Mexico's most magnificent setting. Brochure.

AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWISS TRANQUILLITY. Leysin American School for University Preparatory Studies. Coeducational, grades 9-12, boarding, 150 boys and girls. Experienced, highly qualified U.S./international staff with teacher-pupil ratio 1:8. Solid academic program with advanced placement, PSSC Physics, Chemstud, BSCS Biology; strong Mathematics, English and Foreign Languages offering. Excellent college admissions record. Curriculum-related European tours. Broad sports programs (LAS hosts annual International Schools Ski Championships). International environment. Official testing center. Affiliated with the American College of Switzerland. Write: Leysin American School, 1854 Leysin, Switzerland or H. R. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th Street, New York 10017.

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COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship and complete field research in port. Applications accepted now for accredited Fall, Spring 1970-'71 semesters. Fall semesters emphasize Mediterranean-Latin American studies; spring semesters, Asian-African studies. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

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IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE ANGUILLA*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15. (*An-GWIL-la.) Caribbean Report, Suite 1202-A, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

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SOUTH AMERICAN TOUR—Special Group Rates. Seminars and discussion groups on civil liberties, social reform, education, law. Sightseeing. Rio, Buenos Aires, Santiago, Lima, Quito, Guayaquil. For information, write to Civil Liberties Celebration Tours, 156 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10010, 9th floor.

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65 CHARMING COUNTRY INNS from New England to California in complete Directory with location, rates, personal recommendations. 25 cents. The Berkshire Traveller, Box 286, Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262.

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SAN FRANCISCO on $4.50 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $130 month ($35 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for summer. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

CRUISE WINDWARD, LEEWARD, or Virgin Islands. 8 or 12 days aboard popular Windjammer "MAVERICK." From $190, everything included. Airmail for folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, Box 2131S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

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A YEN TO TRAVEL? Let us help you plan where and how to go, where to stay, what to do. Over twenty years making flight arrangements worldwide, hotel accommodations, tours, cruises, for numerous Metropolitan New York pleasure and business travelers. Never a Service Charge! Contact: SABINA KOPF, Select Reservations, 113 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Phone 212-LO 4-8317.

MY 41' RELIANT auxiliary yawl "SKONA" (means fair one) is ready in the Caribbean for active sailors or lazy escapists. Crewed or bare boat. Economy summer rates now in effect. Brochure. Olof Hedstrom, Box 167, Hartford City, Indiana 47348.

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BRITISH WATERWAYS HOLIDAYS Guide $1.00. Anshen, Box 340, Belmont, California 94002.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1894

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," he wrote.	82 86 95 106 116 1 7
B. Appearence; growth	113 131 45 64 72 73 183 207 3 111
C. Wineglass, for instance	117 126 143 147 155 156
D. English dramatist (1574?-1641; "A Woman Killed with Kindness")	171 180 197 25 36 40 49
E. Animal with a mottled coat	159 196 39 61 108 118
F. Deferential; obsequious	130 146 172 176 185 202 208 28
G. Guard, sentinel	139 145 149 104 122 134 152 167
H. College of Cambridge Univ., pioneer in university education for women	181 184 175 6 88 96 203
I. Surfeit	13 15 33 42 75 81 153
J. Sanskrit epic of India, traditionally the work of Valmiki	173 5 70 102 160 21 27 34
K. Tropical American plant fiber used in making bags, carpets, etc.	44 59 63 141 174
L. Moving with ease, active	9 12 91 16 41 77
M. Launcelot———: servant to Shylock	101 112 35 94 99
N. Contends	136 169 11 26 37 80 163
O. Positive assertion	47 79 92 120 188 200 20 43
P. African cobra that squirts its venom	74 89 97 209 128 51 142 186
Q. Brooks and Frank Robinson, for instance	194 22 53 66 158 204 32
R. The musical interval of a perfect prime	162 55 65 76 84 90
S. Region and former province of central France, drained by the Loire and the Yonne	110 123 18 29 23 50 62 133 190
T. In reality (2 Lat. wds.)	10 19 166 56 107 121 150
U. "Bring me———,/And I the matter will re-word." (3 wds., "Hamlet")	191 54 67 199 31 132 98 151 205
V. Small apertures or pores	17 69 137 187 161 177 129 201
W. Pithy or witty remarks	4 24 52 138
X. Restricted, out of bounds (2 wds.)	157 100 124 57 105 93 189 87 125
Y. People's ability or inclination to laugh	30 8 46 58 115 68 178 109 71 140 14 195
Z. In Flaubert's "Education sentimentale": La Maréchale	78 182 103 2 48 38 60 127 83
Z¹ Leisured, indolent; ineffective	164 193 165 168 192 148
Z² Lesser snow goose (2 wds.)	154 206 135 198 144 179 114 119 85 170

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

							1 A	2 Z	3 B		4 W	5 J	6 H	7 A	8 Y	9 L	10 T					
	11 N	12 L	13 I	14 Y		15 I	16 L	17 V	18 S	19 T		20 O	21 J	22 Q	23 S	24 W	25 D					
	26 N	27 J	28 F	29 S	30 Y	31 U	32 Q	33 I		34 J	35 M	36 D	37 N	38 Z		39 E	40 D					
41 L	42 I	43 O	44 K	45 B	46 Y		47 O	48 Z	49 D		50 S	51 P	52 W	53 Q	54 U	55 R	56 T					
57 X	58 Y	59 K	60 Z		61 E	62 S	63 K	64 B	65 R	66 Q	67 U	68 Y	69 V	70 J		71 Y	72 B					
	73 B	74 P	75 I	76 R	77 L	78 Z	79 O	80 N		81 I	82 A	83 Z		84 R	85 Z²	86 A						
87 X	88 H	89 P	90 R		91 L	92 O	93 X	94 M	95 A	96 H	97 P	98 U		99 M	100 X		101 M					
102 J	103 Z		104 G	105 X	106 A	107 T	108 E	109 Y	110 S	111 B		112 M	113 B	114 Z²		115 Y	116 A					
117 C		118 E	119 Z²	120 O	121 T	122 G		123 S	124 X		125 X	126 C		127 Z	128 P	129 V						
130 F	131 B	132 U	133 S	134 G	135 Z²	136 N	137 V	138 W		139 G	140 Y	141 K	142 P		143 C	144 Z²						
145 G	146 F	147 C	148 Z¹		149 G	150 T		151 U	152 G	153 I		154 Z²	155 C		156 C	157 X	158 Q					
159 E		160 J	161 V	162 R		163 N	164 Z¹		165 Z¹	166 T		167 G	168 Z¹	169 N		170 Z²	171 D					
172 F	173 J	174 K		175 H	176 F	177 V	178 Y		179 Z²	180 D		181 H	182 Z		183 B	184 H	185 F					
186 P	187 V	188 O	189 X	190 S	191 U	192 Z¹		193 Z¹	194 Q		195 Y	196 E	197 D		198 Z²	199 U	200 O					
	201 V	202 F	203 H	204 Q		205 U	206 Z²	207 B	208 F	209 P												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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OUR LITTLE CAR'S ENGINE WILL USE HYPEREUTECTIC ALLOYS AND OTHER DELIGHTS.

To begin with, more research, more engineering know-how, and more technology went into the development of the Vega 2300 engine than into any other production engine in our history.

The rest of our modest claims follow.

The old aluminum foil.

The basic advantage of an aluminum engine has been known for decades: it's a whole lot lighter than other metals.

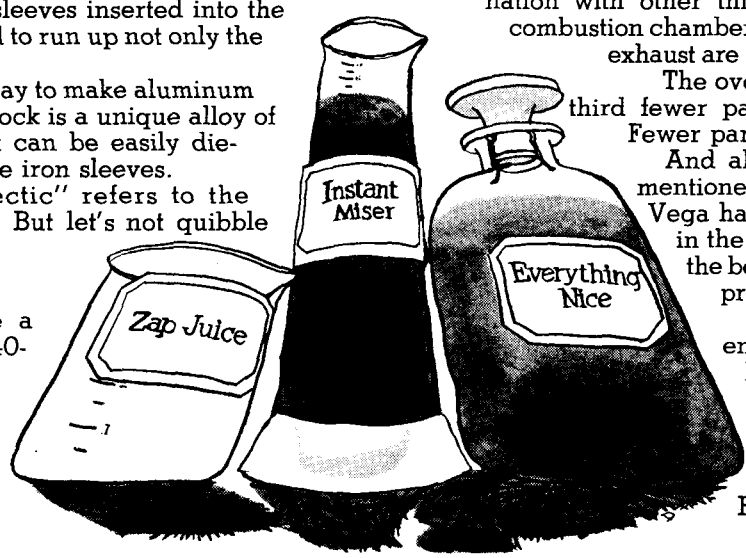
Which means the total car is lighter. Which means you can have a relatively large engine in terms of power and still maintain a high level of economy. The problem up to now has been that aluminum engines had to have iron sleeves inserted into the cylinder walls—which tend to run up not only the cost, but also the weight.

But we've found a way to make aluminum work for us. Our engine block is a unique alloy of aluminum and silicon that can be easily die-cast and it doesn't need the iron sleeves. Incidentally, "hypereutectic" refers to the melting point of the alloy. But let's not quibble over words.

Other delights.

Basically, we have a 2300-cubic-centimeter (140-cubic-inch) overhead-cam four-cylinder engine.

You'll be able to order this same engine with a 2-barrel carburetor and 20 extra horsepower.



Since the engine is relatively large for such a little car, it'll give you real good acceleration. Which is good to have when you want to move onto a fast-moving freeway, for example.

And as you know, the engine being relatively large allows it to turn slower at cruising speeds. And turning slower, it won't suffer as much wear and tear as a high-winding engine. (Turning slower also contributes to the amazing quietness of the Vega.)

Other delights, continued.

The Vega engine was designed to burn unleaded fuel. And because of its small bore (3.501 inches) and long stroke (3.625 inches) in combination with other things—like open-design combustion chambers—the pollutants in the exhaust are significantly reduced.

The overhead cam means one third fewer parts in the valve train. Fewer parts, less trouble.

And about that economy we mentioned earlier. In testing, Vega has been getting mileage in the same neighborhood as the best of them—and that's a pretty good neighborhood.

Overall, the Vega engine is something of a breakthrough.

Of course, the engine isn't the only thing that makes Vega such a great little car.

But that's another story.

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CHEVROLET

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Seagram's V.O. not only says you can afford the smoothest, lightest Canadian whisky of all; it says you have the taste to recognize the smoothest, lightest Canadian whisky of all. And lots of taste is just as impressive as lots of money. Don't you think?

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